Scandal school

AB - 5180

David Crane

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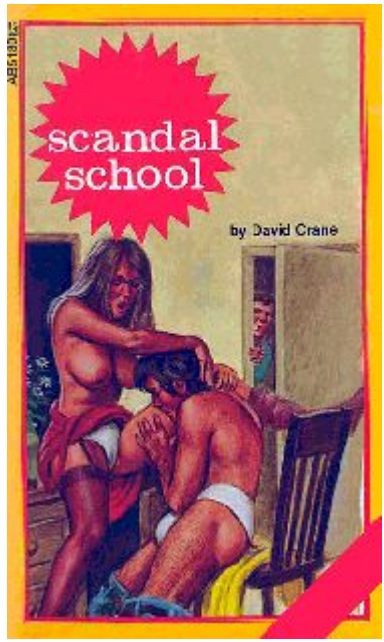
- David Crane
  - CHAPTER ONE
  - CHAPTER TWO
  - CHAPTER THREE
  - CHAPTER FOUR
  - CHAPTER FIVE
  - CHAPTER SIX
  - CHAPTER SEVEN



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CHAPTER ONE

John Tremont had a hard-on.

Most of the time, since he enjoyed having a hard cock and positively devoted himself to the pleasures of masturbation, John was not at all displeased to find himself with a rampant pecker throbbing lustily in his pants.

This was not one of those times.

For one thing, John was in English class.

For another, it was almost time for the bell to ring, dismissing the class. That was going to pose a serious problem for John. He knew that when he stood up, his hard cock was going to be on display in magnificent bas-relief, delineated through the material of his jeans and, no doubt, writhing like a coiled spring behind his fly, blind to all but its own selfish desires and not giving a damn how much it mortified John.

He willed it to diminish and soften; it swelled and hardened. He commanded it to droop; it rose. He tried to force the purest of thoughts to fill his mind; spurning purity, his dick thundered away madly, as if trying to break out of the confines of his trousers by sheer force. His prick was a willful sort of beast, much in need of obedience training, but to what obedience school did you send a pecker? Someday, surely, some girl or woman would tame the rascal – but that was in the future. John was still a virgin, with no immediate hopes of terminating that unfavorable condition.

Nor did there seem any hope of terminating the rock-hard condition of his dick, at the moment.

There were girls in his English class! How could they help but notice his bulging crotch if he had to stand up? Whatever would they think of him? Consider him a vile sexual pervert? Worse – might they laugh at his predicament? It was most distressing for the youth, and he thought about all the girls in the classroom in order to subdue his erection, threatening it with exposure, as it were. But thinking of girls wasn't a good idea at all, and it worked in quite the reverse of John's intentions.

Girls! Girls with tits! Girls with firm asses! Girls with… CUNTS!

John's eyes rolled as he gazed around the room.

He saw Belinda, whose blouse was open at the top buttons, revealing the beginnings of her mysterious cleavage.

He saw Joanne, whose ass was as round and firm as an apple.

He saw Donna, with her sleek, trim thighs which, reputedly, had been known to open willingly for football players.

He saw Anne, the cheerleader, who displayed her panties when

she leaped into the air.

He saw… be gulped… he gasped. His eyes blurred, then refocused. His tongue ran across his dry lips and his fists clenched at his sides. His teeth rammed together, his lungs labored for breath. He could not believe what he was seeing!

There were few things that did not give young John Tremont a hard cock. Sometimes, quite naturally, he got hard while looking at pictures of scantily clad girls in magazines, and sometimes he got hard thinking lewd thoughts, often combining the two. These hard-ons were perfectly explainable. But at other times, he got a prick up for no apparent reason at all – like when he had been standing in his pew in church, being pious, or because his fevered mind had extended the most tenuous connections between the commonplace and the erotic. Thus, if he were to notice a nubile young woman handling a stick transmission, his dork immediately blossomed just as though her hands were shifting the gears of his own potent loins.

Playing poker, he always got a hard-on if he held the queen in his hand, for not only was the queen female but, being double-headed, it reminded him of mystical practice known as "sixty-nining". If he held two queens… well, John had perfected a poker face, but it did him no good at all when, by creaming his jeans, he revealed the contents of his hand to all: let it be universally known that at least two queens were snuggled together in his hand! John had even been known to get a hard-on the dentist's office, when it occurred too him that the phallic drill was often inserted into female mouths.

But of the things that had hardened his cock over the last couple of years, none had astonished him so greatly as the sight before his eyes at that very moment.

John was gazing at the teacher's crotch…

Miss Amanda Bridewell, the English teacher, was twenty-six years old. That alone made her seem absolutely grown-up to John, an impression enhanced by the fact that she wore, while teaching, a severe hairstyle – her luxurious brown locks drawn back in a tight bun – and no discernable make-up. Not married, she was considered an old maid or, at best, well on the road to spinsterdom. Therefore, John had never favored Miss Bridewell with impure thoughts or fantasies.

Thus, it was even more astounding when he found himself looking at her crotch.

Miss Bridewell in her innocence and devotion to teaching, perched herself on the edge of her desk as she made some salient point. She had crossed her legs. Her skirt had ridden up her nylon-sheathed thighs and, lo and behold, John had a clear view of her crotch. Her panties, he saw to his amazement.

John gulped. His Adam's apple leaped up and down in his throat

as if, like his dick, it were erecting itself. Not only were the panties black, but the crotch band was narrow… so narrow that it had somehow gotten sucked up into her crack!

John could see a hairy cunt lip on either side of the slender band of nylon.

It was John's first sighting of a cunt. His dick pounded against his fly, his loins swirled in a maelstrom of lust, his head spun dizzily.

He gripped the edge of his desk for support and shook his head to clear it. He tried to look away from Miss Bridewell's crotch, but his eyes were drawn back there as surely as iron is drawn to a magnet. His cock tried to point at her carnal pole as if it were the needle of a compass, to boot.

He heard Skip Cartwright giggle.

John forced his eyes sideways towards Skip's desk. Skip too had seen Miss Bridewell's crotch but, unlike John, he had not been overwhelmed. He was smirking. When he saw John look at him, Skip winked, pointed at the teacher with his thumb, then pointed down at his crotch with his index finger.

John saw that Skip too had an erection.

John was pleased that be was not alone in his affliction, that at least one other boy would have to walk bent over, books carried like a shield before his loins as he left the classroom. But unlike John, Skip was not ashamed of having a hard-on. He seemed amused by it. He was smirking and grinning, and made no effort to hide the lump in his pants.

John envied his self-confidence.

Skip was a big, broad-shouldered boy. The fullback on the junior varsity team, and he was much in demand by the local girls. He was self-possessed and somewhat vain. John figured that came from playing football, which, as everyone knew, built red-blooded Americans. But John had not gone out for football because he had been forewarned that Red Miller, the coach, was death on masturbator's. Miller had a theory that pulling one's pudding sapped one's athletic vitality as much as smoking ruined the lungs, and drinking, the stamina. Weighing the two against each other – the benefits of being on the football squad versus the joys of jacking off – John had opted for the latter. He had never regretted his decision.

Now be wondered what Skip was going to do with that big hard-on, if he could not jerk it off.

But Skip seemed unconcerned with that problem, as he leered at Miss Bridewell's pussy.

Suddenly, John was aware of a dead silence in the classroom. He glanced around. Everyone was looking at him. He looked at the teacher, struggling to keep his eyes on her face, and realized that she

had addressed him.

"I'm sorry," he stammered.

"Daydreaming, John?"

"Er… I… ahhh…"

She looked stern. "I asked you to define a split infinitive, young man," she said, looking right at him, completely unaware that her cunt was open to his gaze.

John, in point of fact, knew what a split infinitive was, and under normal circumstances could have responded correctly to the question. At the moment, however, his state of mind was such that his thoughts stuck at the first ward: split! Miss Bridewell had a split between her legs, and her panties were sucked right up into it!

He said nothing.

"I think a little extra homework is in order for you, young man," she said. She turned to Skip. "Can you tell me what a split infinitive is?" she asked.

Skip, being a football player, was not required to know very much, or even pretend that he was there for an education. "Hell, no," he said…

It brought a stunned silence, followed by giggles and gasp. Miss Bridewell's face darkened.

"You will stay after class," she said.

Skip balanced, wondering if he had gone too far. But he had an image to uphold, and he shrugged as if he couldn't care less. He'd scored two touchdowns last Saturday, so what the hell!

Then the bell rang.

Skip lounged in his seat, feet in the aisle, ankles crossed, looking nonchalant. Everyone else gathered their books and got up. John held his books in front of his crotch – and felt his dick beat against them like a hammer. He walked slightly bowlegged and tried to look natural. He was very glad that Skip had taken the pressure off him. Now he was anxious to get to the men's room where, secure in a cubicle, he could beat his cock to a frazzle.

When everyone but Skip had left, Miss Bridewell slid from her desk and crossed the room to the door. She closed it. Then she went back to her desk and, to Skip's amazement, sat on the edge in the same position, her crotch showing.

"Come here, Skip," she said.

Skip looked sullen. Now that he no longer had a crowd to play up to, he was sorry that he'd been so bold and gotten himself in trouble. He got up, looking hangdogged, and walked up to the front of the room.

He still had a hard-on, and he tried to conceal it by walking with a stoop, hands in his pockets. But that attitude struck, the teacher as

insolent.

"Straighten up," she said.

Skip straightened, and squared his broad shoulders. His fat dick bulged undeniably in his pants.

"You were very inattentive in class, Skip," said Miss Bridewell. "Furthermore, you were insolent. I wonder just how I should deal with the situation."

"I don't know," he mumbled.

She stared at him. Then, to his chagrin, her gaze went slowly down from his face to his crotch. His face registered a look of helpless horror, but his pecker, oblivious to the possible ramifications of the situation, refused to budge an inch. If anything, it swelled more proudly as it basked under the school mistress' gaze, as though her vision was possessed of tactile properties, her eyes caressing him, fondling him from a distance.

Skip squirmed. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. A deep blush crept up his neck and onto his face. Normally, he looked older than his ate, both physically and in character. He didn't know what to do. It was one thing to carry a pigskin through a line of defenders roughly his own age and size. It was a much different thing to carry a lump of phallic pork up to his English teacher's desk!

For a wild moment, falling back on what he knew he could manage, he was tempted to straight arm Miss Bridewell and dash out of the room as if he were galloping off on a broken field run, bent over his hard-on as though it were the football.

She gave a little start and stared at the squirming lump of cock in his pants.

Blushing furiously, Skip averted his eyes for a moment. Then he darted a quick glance at her face, wondering just what her reaction was going to be – how bad it would be, and how much trouble he was going to have over his injudicious hard-on. Would he be expelled from school? Banished from the football team? Sent in disgrace to a home for pubescent perverts?

He anticipated shock, followed by a black scowl on Miss Bridewell's face. He was surprised to see that neither of these expressions registered there. Instead, she looked… thoughtful.

Her lips moved, parting. Skip cringed, expecting her to scream.

But she did not cry out in horror. In fact, had he not known it was impossible, he would have thought it was a slight smile that turned her lips.

Her gaze rose to his face again.

Skip averted his eyes. He was red as a beet, and his usual self-assurance had deserted him. His only thought was: will it go easier on me if I squeal on John Tremont? If I tell her that he had a hard cock

too? Or will I be scorned for a tattle-tale as well as a pervert?

Miss Bridewell said, "Why, Skip!"

He frowned, confused. She did not sound angry or shocked, she sounded concerned. A wild idea darted through his mind as he mentally clutched at straws. Miss Bridewell was not married. Perhaps she had never seen a hard dick! Was it too much to hope for? No, it seemed impossible, even plausible. His mind worked very logically now, as he desperately clung to this faint hope.

Miss Bridewell was a spinster, therefore, she had never had a legal look at a dick; Miss Bridewell was a school teacher, therefore, she would surely never have had an illicit look at a hard cock.

The conclusion was obvious: Miss Bridewell hadn't the faintest idea what the writhing beast within his trousers was!

That explained the concern in her voice!

The innocent old maid thought that Skip had some horrible growth in his pants, some tumor so virulent that it was growing right before her eyes!

Hope and relief surged up in the lad.

Then Miss Bridewell dashed his hopes.

"Why, Skip, you have an erection," said the teacher.

Skip sputtered. He stammered. He could get no words out, but that hardly mattered. For what words were there that could possibly explain the obvious?

"That explains it," said Miss Bridewell.

"M'am?" he said, eyes lowered.

"That explains why you were so inattentive in class… why you were insolent."

"Huh?" he said. How come she wasn't screaming at him?

He looked up again, noticing, in passing, that her crotch was still visible as she perched on the corner of the desk.

She said, "It's all clear to me now, you poor boy. How on Earth can you be expected to pay attention in class when you are tormented by natural pubescence? How could you ever concentrate on grammar when your loins were demanding all your awareness? You should have told me, Skip! Poor, brave youth."

Skip gaped at her. His big jaw hung open so far that his chin almost rested on his breastbone. He noticed that her mouth was doing funny things, twisting and working in some way he couldn't label. His mind had registered her words and made the proper connection, and he realized that she was not castigating him – far from it, she was sympathizing with him! But although he saw this clearly, it was so incredible that he couldn't believe it. Watching her lips work in that funny way, he still expected her to scream.

"You should have told me, poor tormented boy," she said.

"Huh? I mean… well, gee, Miss Bridewell, I couldn't of very well stood right up in class and said, 'I can't concentrate on account of I got a bone on… er… I mean, an erection, could I?'"

She smiled as if she found that amusing. "You should have asked to be excused," she said. "No one would have known the reason."

"Er… I."

"Yes. You should have gone to the lavatory and relieved yourself, instead of suffering in brave silence."

"Huh? Relieved myself? You mean…"

"Surely. I am not totally unaware of the need of a virile young mans need to masturbation."

Skip was no longer blushing beet red. Now he was as white as a sheet. He was also, due to the aggressive nature of this unlikely conversation, getting harder and hotter and hotter, until he felt dangerously close to creaming his pants.

His hand moved towards his crotch, a habitual movement which he arrested in the nick of time.

"But, gee… I mean… gosh."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed of it, Skip, you silly boy. It's a normal thing, a natural thing. Everyone masturbates, it's nothing to be shy about."

EVERYONE, she said. Not every boy, but everyone!

That implied that girls did, too. Maybe even Miss Bridewell did!

Skip staggered with lust. He felt weak, as if every bit of his vitality had seeped into his raging dick. He stole another glance at her crotch.

Unaware of this, in her innocence, Miss Bridewell shifted on the corner of the desk. Her thighs parted a bit farther. Her thighs were trim and sleek, and her panties, he saw, seemed to be damp. The crotchband was being dragged right up her snatch now, with a soft, hairy lip exposed on either side.

Skip staggered again. His thighs were watery, his knees elastic – the only thing hard about him was his pecker, which was hard as stone.

"Now, don't be bashful, Skip. I'm concerned with your welfare and well-being. I've always believed there should be more sex education in this school, you know. Now, tell me… how many times do you masturbate every week?"

"I… I never do!" he gasped.

"Skip…"

"Honest, Miss Bridewell. Never! Well… not during football season, anyhow."

"Don't try to deceive me. I… Skip, to put you more at your ease, I shall tell you that… I masturbate with great regularity, myself."

She lowered her eyes demurely. "I masturbate every Saturday night, and usually on Wednesday afternoons and sometimes in between. There! Now that I have told you, you can tell me without shame."

She had tried to put the youth more at ease, good teacher that she was, but she merely caused his cock to balloon even farther, and he felt dazzled and dazed.

Miss Bridewell reached up casually, as if unaware of what she was doing. She plucked a pin from her hair. The severe knot unraveled mystically, a Gordian knot solved, and her dark tresses fell over her face.

Skip was astounded. Why, Miss Bridewell is pretty! he thought.

She was waiting for him to speak. He was still too ashamed to talk about pulling his pork. Instead, with some half-hearted thought of sharing the blame for his disgrace, he said, "The reason I got a boner on in class is… the way you were sitting on the edge of your desk…"

She looked surprised. "Oh?" she said, eyebrows lifting.

"Yeah. I could… see… your…" he faltered, about to say "crotch". Instead, he said. "Your panties."

As he said it, he winced, anticipating anger.

But Miss Bridewell laughed. "Oh my! I didn't realize that. I shall have to be more careful in the future."

"Yeah!" he said. Encouraged by her reaction, he said, "Wasn't just me, neither."

"Either," she said.

"Yeah, me either. John Tremont had a boner, too."

She laughed again. Her soft hair fell in a dark cascade over her checks. She looked much more human than a school teacher was supposed to be.

Well, she was. She even jerked off! he thought, then wondered if there was a more specialized term to use for when a woman did it. He couldn't picture her jerking her clit up and down like a dick. In fact, Skip had no idea how women masturbated. He'd always thought that only whores or tramps did that, usually with frankfurters or bananas.

She had not, he noticed, shifted her position following his revelation.

"I'm still waiting," she said. "I really feel I must know the frequency of your self release."

Skip saw there was nothing to do but answer. He hung his head and said, "Well, during the summer and spring, I usually pull myself off twice a day. More, sometimes, if I been looking at dirty pictures. But during the football season I never so much as touch it. Honest!"

She frowned. "I don't understand," she said.

"Well, Coach says that jacking off saps your strength. He's hell on

wankers."

Her lips drew into a tight, prim line. "I think that is very irresponsible of Coach Miller," she said, shaking bet head. "Why, he could cause all sorts of psychological problems with that groundless advice. Even impotence. I shall have to have a word with him…"

Skip gulped.

"Don't worry. I won't mention you."

"It ain't true?" he asked, thinking with regret of the pleasurable pud pulling he had dutifully neglected.

"Certainly not. Masturbating is natural and healthy."

"Golly," he said.

"It's the normal outlet for a boy… until he has a girlfriend or a wife."

"Coach says that sex is bad, even with a wife. He says that boxers go to training camps to avoid women…"

"Well, that proves how silly his theory is," said this excellent school mistress. "What about Joe Namath?"

"Gee… I never thought about him. You think maybe that's why his knees got all buggered up? Too much sex?"

"Of course not, silly. Sex keeps you fit."

"I don't know… Coach says."

"He's a silly man, and he's led you astray. All he is worried about is winning football games, Skip. I, on the other hand, am more concerned with brains than brawn. And your brain cannot function when it doesn't get enough blood, when so much blood is diverted to your penis… when thoughts of sex drive other things from your mind. I…"

Miss Bridewell smiled strangely, "I shall deal with Coach Miller. In the meantime, I want you to promise me that you will masturbate at least once every day, preferably before you come to class."

What could the lad do? He nodded his agreement.

"A boy cannot learn with a hard-on," she said. That sounded so much more naughty than erection that he staggered again. He leaned backwards. He seemed to be supported by his cock, a sort of cantilever thrusting out to counterbalance his shoulders.

"And now, just to make sure that you do it, Skip, I want you to masturbate right here."

"Oh my God!" he squealed.

"I simply must set my mind at rest on this, Skip. I shall not be satisfied until I've seen you relieve yourself."

"I can't do that… not with you watching, Miss Bridewell… I'll do it in the bathroom, honest."

"No, I want to make sure that you do, Skip. This is very important to me. There are things far more important than split infinitives, you

see."

She smiled that Skip didn't dare disobey her. He knew she was demanding this for his own good. And theft gradually, he began to get the idea that it might not be unpleasant to pull his pork in front of Miss Bridewell. It might even be exciting. He was nervous, and his belly was doing flip-flops, but he braced himself. He closed his eyes, unable to look at her.

He unzipped his fly.

His dick rushed out of its own accord, dragging his white cotton underpants out with it. Swathed in white, it looked like the ghost of a cock.

Miss Bridewell's eyes narrowed and her lips parted.

Skip hooked his fingers under the elastic and pulled his underpants away from his cock. It raged out, freed at last, standing like a banner before his loins… like the figurehead of a ship, made buoyant by semen. Miss Bridewell gazed at his pecker. She was smiling with her lips, but her eyes were bright with some emotion that was not humor.

His cock, like the rest of his football player's body, was well developed and, like his athlete's frame, got plenty of work-out and exercise. The pulling of pork was much more enjoyable than doing push-ups. Now, standing proud and free, his pecker throbbed. The big, triangular cockhead was flushed a dark purple, and the thick vein that ran up the shaft was writhing and pulsating. The cleft was parted promisingly.

Skip hauled his balls out, automatically. Once, leaving his balls in his pants, he had got them caught in his zipper during the frenzy of his climax. It had been some job to extricate them. Now, bloated and laden with spunk, they were bunched in a tight knot at the base of his stout shaft.

He opened his eyes to a slit, looking at Miss Bridewell.

She, her own eyes slitted, was looking at his prick.

Tentatively, Skip wrapped his right hand around the root of his cock. He gave it a gentle experimental tug.

The knob flared like the head of a hooded cobra coiling back to strike, seminal venom dripping from a fangless tip.

"Do a good job now, Skip," she whispered. "I want you to milk out every last drop!"

Her words affected him so greatly that he had a muscle spasm. His bones seemed to lock, and his hand, as he took a second pull, slipped off his cock.

His cock was bucking and snorting, demanding attention.

"Oh, you're still nervous, I see," said Miss Bridewell. She sighed. "Well, I can see that there's nothing I can do but help you do it, Skip."

His eyes opened wide. "You? You mean…"

She smiled, nodding. She reached out and, without the slightest hesitation, wrapped her delicate hand around the root of his big bloated rod. He almost fainted at the touch. Waves of fire coursed through him, burning the fabric of his body and searing his mind with white-hot flashes. That hand, the hand he had so often seen holding chalk against a blackboard… that very same hand was holding his pecker!

She pumped him once, slowly, her fist fitted snugly around his thick stalk. Holding him drawn back at the base, so that his knob seemed to be straining as if to burst away from the shaft, she paused and said, "You mustn't think there is anything prurient in what I'm doing, Skip. I'm merely clearing your mind of base thoughts so that you will be able to concentrate on your school work. You do understand that, don't you?"

Skip didn't know what prurient meant, but he got the idea. He nodded, his teeth grating together and his pecker throbbing in her fist.

Then Miss Bridewell set to work on his pecker with a vengeance. She push-pulled up and down the stalk, loosening her fist so that she merely skimmed over him for a few strokes, then tightening it into a snug collar and hauling his foreskin up and down. She watched what she was doing, her head lowered and tilting from side to side, fascinated by the situation, studying his reaction as if this were a scholarly pursuit, a difficult and arcane problem she sought to solve. But there was nothing scholarly about the look that had transfigured her countenance now. Her face was a mask of lust. Her eyes were narrow, sparking with lust, and her lips were parted. Her tongue glided across her lower lip, soft and pink and moist.

Reaching out with her free hand, she cupped his swollen balls and squeezed gently, as if she were trying to force the cum from his nuts with the pressure. Aiding her right hand, she rolled his balls to drag his ejaculation out like a suction pump. She was working on him with a steady rhythm, designed to bring him to the peak with the least effort. Her thumb criss-crossed over the sensitive area where the cock merged with the head as her hand pulled to the top. She pushed down firmly, dragging his foreskin back so that his cockhead bulged out, naked and glowing. The head of his dick was so hot it seemed incandescent. The tip felt as if it were smoking. Skip felt sure that if they were in a dark room, his knob would glow like a lightbulb.

A drop of preliminary fluid seeped from his piss slit and dripped from the bulbous knob.

Miss Bridewell was lashing her tongue back and forth across her lower lip in a veritable frenzy.

She said, "Do you… have… a… handkerchief… Skip?" Each word

was punctuated by a push-pull on his cock.

Another heavy glob of spunk oozed out and slid down his knob, leaving a slimy track on his glowing flesh. As she pumped, the glob dropped off and fell, sluggish as quicksilver, onto her knee. He understood her concern. She was worried about where to deposit his creamy load. But he had no handkerchief. He always jerked off into the toilet or the sink. He shook his head, his jaws clenched and his loins knotted.

"I'll… have… to… use…" she grated the words out, pumping his pecker fluidly as she spoke, "… my panties…"

He stared at her through misty, glazed eyes.

Miss Bridewell, neat and fastidious as she was, did not want errant jism all over the room. She opened her legs wide. She was still seated on the edge of the desk, and now she was aiming the head of his cock towards her cunt like the nozzle of a firehose. His cock tried to get at her cunt. Like a dog pointing at a nestling quail, Skip's pecker pointed at Miss Bridewell's furry pussy. He could feel it drag on his loins as it sought in vain to rip free and fly like an arrow into her wet pussy. He groaned. Her hand pumped up and down, faster now, and she realized that his orgasm was rapidly approaching. His cock strained and throbbed. It had the scent of cunt, and it was seething for the feel of it, desperately trying to bury its burning length in her soft cunt.

A few more spurts of creamy cum slipped from his slit, coating the knob with a filmy layer of jism and running down the head onto the shaft. A thick ribbon of cum welled up against her index finger, then flowed onto her knuckles. Another streamer of spunk eluded her hand and ran onto his balls. Seeing this, the fastidious teacher drew his cockhead closer to her crotch and opened her nylon-sheathed legs even wider.

The crotchpiece of her black bikini panties had been slurped right up into her slit now, and her cunt was completely revealed, the pink lips unfurled like the pedals of a moist and fleshy flower. A frothy trickle of cunt juice ran along her slot, matching the cum that was soaking his cock head and her hand.

Skip stared at her crotch, looking past the head of his cock as if that swollen knob were a gun sight, along which he was taking aim. Vaguely, he wondered why her cunt was creaming, since she was only doing this for his health and well-being. Then he began to snort and shake.

He howled like a tormented spirit, shaking like a man possessed and seeking to cast off the demon that possessed him – the spectra that had taken over his loins. He knew that he was very very close to the point when that possessive demon would be exorcised, torn from

his body in a great fluid deluge.

"Come," she whispered. "Come, come, come…"

Suddenly his pecker erupted. The jism hissed from his cock as if that rod were a valve through which his semen had escaped, deflating his whole body as he shot his stuffing out.

His first creamy jet spurted out and struck the inside of her lean thigh, just at the point where her nylon stocking ended and soft, naked flesh began. It ricocheted up her thigh and welled up in her crotch. A broad swath, like the track of a snail, glistened up her leg.

His second spurt, more accurate, shot directly into her crotch and broke into separate nuggets of spunk like a wave against a rocky coast.

She sighed. She continued to pump his dick steadily, aiming it to hose her hot crotch with the cum as if she sought to smother her own raging fire with the blanket of his foamy jism. She arched her back and pushed her belly up, and her skirt rode higher. His third great spurt hit her belly and ran back down into her crotch in three separate streams.

Drained and hollow, Skip went limp.

Miss Bridewell, nothing if not thorough, continued to pump his cock until she was sure that she had milked out every last precious drop. She was sighing with contentment, and a satisfied smile turned her face to radiant joy.

His cock had started to soften in her hand. She drew her fist up, tight on his shaft, gathering up the spunk that glistened on his shaft and knob. Then she brought her hand to her crotch and wiped the cream onto her panties. His cock was still slimy. She grasped it again and, dragging him to her, wiped his knob up and down along her cuntlips until she was satisfied that she had cleaned him satisfactorily.

"There," she said. "Doesn't that feel better?"

He nodded, too spent to speak.

"Now, Skip… I'm going to assign you a bit of extra homework," she said.

Skip blinked, not following this sudden shift back to a teacher-pupil relationship, and wondering why she had such a funny smile on her face.

"I want you to jerk off twice tonight," she said.

His jaw gaped.

"And so that I am sure you completed the assignment, I want you to bring the spunk to school in a jar," she told him.

I don't believe this, thought Skip. "Yes, Miss Bridewell," he said.

"Very well. You are dismissed."

Skip staggered from the classroom.

Miss Bridewell smiled. She rubbed her crotch, shivering as her

fingertips brushed across her fiery, tingling clit.

She was thinking: so John Tremont had a hard-on too, did he? She stored that knowledge away in the textbook of her scholastic mind. Someday she would have to help John clear his mind so that he could dwell on split infinitives.

She wondered if John's potent young prick was as big and full of spunk as Skip's.

Her hand caressed her cunt slowly and lovingly. But then, with an effort, she drew her hand away. Her pussy was seething, but she didn't want to waste her climax on her own hand at the moment.

She was thinking about Red Miller, the football coach.

How could he tell the boys such a silly thing? she wondered. But then, Miller was not an intelligent man. He was fit, athletic and attractive, but not overly gifted in the brain department. It was possible that he really believed that nonsense.

If so, did he practice what he preached? The thought caused her pussy to flood with cunt juice.

Red Miller was the school's physical education instructor, as well as the football coach. It was a small school, and the Board of Education saved money by having him do a double job. That meant that Coach Miller was in training year round, except for summer vacation. That, in turn, meant that if he followed his own teachings, he would be not be pulling his pudding with any regularity at all. He wasn't married, either. All in all, it seemed likely that Coach Miller must have a huge load of cum stored up in his trim, athletic loins.

Miss Bridewell smiled dreamily. She had a duty to pay Coach Miller a visit – a duty to all the football players who were suffering agonies of abstinence due to his faulty teachings.

Miss Bridewell had every intention of showing Coach Miller the error of his ways.

CHAPTER TWO

Despite his awkward posture – stooped and clutching his books in front of his belly – John Tremont was greatly relieved that he had escaped from Miss Bridewell's class with his hard-on unsighted. Little did John know the rewards of discovery, for which he would have been more than willing to undergo any embarrassment. He hurried down the hall, looking like the hunchback of Notre Dame with his stooped posture. He went into the lavatory where, in the confines of a cubicle, he only had to pump his dick twice before he shot a great cloud of jism against the stainless steel partition. He felt instantly relieved. He tucked his cock away and went to his History class.

Skip was late.

Poor old Skip, thought John, never for a moment dreaming that Skip was, at that moment, getting a handjob from the English teacher. Miss Bridewell must be giving him hell for being insolent. Gee, maybe she noticed that he had a hard-on! Boy, oh boy! Was Skip ever in trouble! Maybe she would hit it with a ruler. John cringed at that thought, but it caused his prick to jerk a little bit.

The History teacher – a gaunt, tallish fellow given to wearing tweedy suits and hairy neckties – stood before the class, hands clasped behind his back. His name was Carlswell, and he liked to imagine himself a professor at Oxford. This did not make him a bad teacher, however. In fact, it enlivened his class, for he liked to spice History with more learned topics, weaving mythology and philosophy in with dry threads of facts, names and dates. Now, he cleared his throat, and was about to begin speaking.

Skip hurried in, flushed and sweating but, strangely enough, beaming joyfully.

Carlswell frowned, blat said nothing. Skip was a football player and, as such, had a certain leeway declared by the school board. Carlswell did not agree with his favoritism, but then he despised football. He did claim to adore cricket, however – a game of which he had heard, but never seen played. He waited until Skip was seated before he began.

Skip's desk was next to John's. John raised his eyebrows, and Skip winked at him.

"What happened?" John mouthed.

"You'd never believe me," said Skip, smug and secretive.

Carlswell fumed. It was bad enough that the loutish lad was late for class, now he was disrupting it by talking.

Carlswell said, "Mister Cartwright!"

Skip sat to attention. But he said, "Yeah?" It was a minor gesture

of… defiance?

Cheeky young pup, thought the tweedy teacher. He would never be tolerated in an English public school. Carlswell had never been to England, but he was pretty sure of that.

He said, "I trust you did your assigned reading?"

"Oh, sure. Most of it."

"Then what can you tell the class about Helen of Troy?"

"Errr… she was some old Greek girl…"

Having come to the limit of his knowledge on the subject, Skip faltered. Carlswell smirked, pleased that the youth had shown his ignorance.

And John Tremont, who was much brighter than Skip and who had done his homework, found his mind flowing along an altered stream of consciousness. His balls and cock had not been satiated by his fast and furtive handjob in the lavatory – it generally took John at least three successive wanks before he could get his mind off sex – and now he thought: Helen of Troy… sexy… ran off with Paris… must have been a terrible slut, cuckolding her husband like that… Probably put out for all those old Greeks.

A Puritan streak vied with prurience in his thoughts, the two struggling for a moment as each sought to direct his opinions. Prurience won out.

Probably having it away with Achilles, even… must have had a huge cunt if she could let him pack his old Hero's dick up it. Only his heel wasn't vulnerable… I'll bet that's bullshit… I'll bet his mother held him by the cock when she dipped I him in the River Styx… maybe not, though… And what about Hercules? Was he around at that time? Half-god, he was… boy! Think of the whopper he must have had, being half-god! Golly! They say he strangled a serpent in his cradle, I'll bet that's bullshit… I'll bet they found him choking his old trouser snake!

John giggled at the thought.

"What's so funny, MISTER Tremont?" Carlswell demanded.

"N-nothing, sir!" John said.

Thinking about Helen of Troy had done the job. John had a great big hard-on again.

"Stand up, MISTER Tremont!" snapped Carlswell.

And John stood, his erection revealed in writhing three dimensions for all to see.

Red Miller was forty years old and bulging with muscle. He had a deep chest, wide shoulders and slim hips. His thighs were like pillars of rock, and his arms like sledgehammers. He had a bit of a beer gut, but that didn't worry him because drinking beer was manly. He shaved at least twice a week because he knew that, although a stubble

was masculine, a beard was indicative of either an egghead or a fruit, both of which he despised.

There was no gym class at the moment, and Red was working on a diagram of a football play he had devised.

He was in his small office, which was located off the corridor that connected the locker room to the gym. He sat at his green metal desk, chuckling as he marked in the X's and O's, and the dotted lines showing the path of the ball. It was not a play designed to make yardage. In fact, it might never make a single yard. But Red was not worried about that, for the play was designed to shake the opposing defense up by running right at them. If the running back broke free, he was expect to circle back and make contact, anyway. Red planned to use it as the opening play from scrimmage, so that the opponents would think: Lordy, these kids are manly! They would hear footsteps after this one, all right. Red's teeth showed in a grin not unlike a grimace. He could hear the brutal crunch and the gasps of pain.

He loved it. He was not, however, a sadist.

He was just manly.

Red's office was a stark room with pale green walls, and had a metal desk and filing cabinet and footlocker. He liked it stark, and shunned luxury and comfort. He did have quite a few centerfold from Playboy magazine taped, on the walls, as befitted a man, though, and he liked to look at all that soft, naked flesh while he exercised his hard, brawny body. He liked the contrast between women and men, the soft curves and the lean planes that fit together so well during that carnal jigsaw puzzle that was sex.

Red got very excited when he looked at the photos, and thought about fucking.

But he was not the sort of ungenuine, phony man who would do something he didn't allow others to do and, all ethical points aside, he firmly and honestly believed that masturbation sapped a man's vitality.

Red did not jerk off.

Red exercised, instead.

He was a bit worked-up at the moment.

He'd gotten excited about the new, brutal line plunge, and it had brought his thoughts, by some devious path, around to thoughts of sex, and his eyes directly to the centerfolds on the walls. Red did not think that fucking sapped vitality the way that jacking off did, although he wasn't sure why that should be, since the effort of ejaculating was very similar. That was simply the way things were, was all. It was the nature of life. Thus, when Red happened to have a woman available, he fucked with all the vigor and endurance and stamina of his well-trained and carefully maintained body. When he

had no woman, he exercised.

Red felt the need of some exercise right now, as he gazed at Miss September, his tongue lolling out like a panting hound.

He got up from his desk and stripped for action. He pulled his sweatshirt over his head, and pushed his gym shorts down. He always exercised naked, not wanting any garments to hinder the smooth flow of his muscles. He still had his jock strap on as he did his limbering-up maneuvers. His huge cock bulged out inside the pouch, a great thick link of pork coiled like a python in his athletic supporter.

His arms flew about. He bent to touch his toes, arching backwards until his torso was horizontal with the floor. He swung from side to side at the hips. He did deep knee bends and deep breathing exercises. He shadow boxed, snorting. Muscles popped out all over him. Even his beer belly was muscular, even his ears were muscular. His head came out of his shoulders with no discernable neck, and his shoulders sloped away, heavily laden with power. His stomach was like a washboard, rippled with flat oblong muscles that were as demarcated as farmland seen from an airplane. His thighs were massive slabs of iron.

His head and face were well suited to this body. His head was square, and his haircut was square, a World War Two brushcut that showed his pink scalp through his ginger-colored bristles. The short, spiky hair stood up on top and lay flat at the sides so that his head looked like a toilet brush. He had a square jaw and a pug nose, bushy red eyebrows and small, piggish eyes. He needed eyeglasses, but refused to admit this, squinting instead. He thought that it was manly to squint. It gave him the far-sighted look of a frontiersman gazing across wide-open prairies.

He finished his limbering up exercises, then got the barbell and weights out and easily ran through his routine of presses, cleans, jerks and curls.

Then it was time to do the very special exercise that he had devised for himself.

Red patted the swollen pouch of his athletic supporter. His cock strained against the elastic. He tugged the jock strap down.

Red's cock was a joy to behold. It was a foot long and as thick as a woman's forearm, a dynamic slab of sinew seamed with delineated veins. His balls were as big as a strong man's biceps. His knob was like a wedge of iron in a purple velvet sheath, and his cock was like a crowbar when it was erect.

He did not have a hard-on at the moment, not quite.

His gigantic pecker was quivering, preparing to flex. It coiled out in a great loop from his loins. If he had ears on his hips, he would have looked much like an elephant.

His cock was… muscular.

It bulged with power, and it rippled and flexed. As he worked his cock muscles, the massive rod pumped itself up like a bodybuilder preparing to exhibit.

Red gazed lovingly down at his dick, looking along the hard plane of his chest and the slight protuberance of his beer belly. He glowed with pride as he admired his pecker. It was quite the finest prick he had ever seen, no doubt of that – and he had seen pricks a-plenty through the years as class after class moved on through the locker room and showers. Red was vain about his cock, but there was certainly good reason for his pride. It was a masterpiece of a meaty member. If ever he should be unfortunate enough to have it shot by an irate husband, he just knew that the husband would have it mounted as a trophy. It would not, he figured, look at all out of place alongside a stuffed marlin or a heavy-horned water buffalo.

Red had even written to the Metropolitan Museum, inquiring whether they would care to have his cock after his demise, and had received a polite, if ambiguous, reply.

Red had worked long and hard to get his pecker to its present state of splendor. On the principle of use-or-lose, he worked out every day to keep his dick fit and shapely. He knew that a huge muscle like that would sag terribly, were it allowed to atrophy.

He got his pecker exerciser out. It was a clever device, with a five-pound weight suspended from a leather strap. The strap had an adjustable loop at the top so that it could be secured around his cock, just behind the ledge of the head, so that the vast knob held it firmly on the shaft and prevented it from slipping off.

Red wrapped a big, blunt hand around his pecker and pumped it up and down. It surged up, stiff as a flagpole and damned near as thick.

It felt so nice to pump his cock up that Red was sorely tempted to carry on with it, but he knew the honors of masturbation, and he was a man of willpower.

He stopped jacking his cock and fitted the leather loop around the shaft. He put his hands on his hips and leaned slightly backwards from the waist, pushing his hips forward. Then he began to tense his cock muscles.

His cock rode up like a lever, lifting the dangling weight from the floor.

Red worked for power; first, holding the heavy weight up as long as he could.

Then he worked for stamina and definition, lifting the weight up and down in quick repetitions.

His mighty pecker rose like a derrick, hauling the heavy iron

weight upwards. It dipped down and rose again. The weight swung at his shins, and his cock strained and throbbed.

His balls began to tingle.

Red knew that, presently, a great creamy spurt of spunk would explode from the head of his prick. It always happened when he exercised, but he didn't mind.

That wasn't the same as masturbating, and it was more manly, to boot.

Amanda Bridewell could feel her pussy squish between her sleek thighs as she walked. She could hear it, as well. It made a soft, moist, squishing sound at every stride.

She was not wearing panties. Her black bikinis had been soaked by Skip's ejaculation, and because she was neat and fastidious, she had removed them. It was better to be pantyless than to wear them with congealed cum on the crotch, she thought.

She had licked the crotchband a little, savoring the flavor of dried spunk. That made her hot. She rather regretted not having drank Skip's creamy wad. She'd certainly slipped up there. If she had been thinking right, she could have easily made some excuse why it was necessary for him to come in her mouth. He had no handkerchief, for instance… all she would have had to do was volunteer her mouth on the logical grounds that it would keep her desk, thighs and panties from getting soiled. No one would quibble with that. She could have been able to swallow all that lovely spunk while still retaining her dignity, if only she had thought of it in time. Yes, she had certainly slipped up there, the school mistress conceded.

Walking with purposeful strides and a determined, dignified bearing that belied the squishing of her crotch, she walked to the gym and went in. The big room was empty. It looked as forlorn as a desert. She sniffed and smelled the sweat of a thousand healthy young male bodies, and her pussy almost creamed an the spot. She had to struggle to cast off the image of hundreds of naked young men cavorting in that room, soaping their hard young bodies in the showers. It made her dizzy.

She set her jaw in determination and went down the corridor to Red Miller's office.

"Ugh!" Red grunted as his cock came up like a crowbar, levering the weight from the floor. "Ahhh," he sighed as it lowered.

Amanda rapped softly on the door.

Red, straining as his dick hefted the weight, did not hear her knock. But he grunted loudly with effort and, hearing his grunt, Amanda mistook it for a rough, gruff acknowledgement.

She opened the door.

She gasped. She had caught Red Miller in a bizarre situation, but

that was not why she gasped.

She gasped because she hid just gotten her first look at Red's venerable, formidable pecker.

My God! thought the young, school teacher. That's not a cock… it's a chimney!

She half-expected to see smoke pouring from the top… black smoke shot through with fiery flashes of red and orange as it poured from the blast furnace of his balls.

"Er… excuse me, Coach…" she said timidly.

She had come here with the firm intention of giving Miller hell for teaching that anti-jack-off crap to his students. But now, confronted by his tremendously pre-potent pecker, she felt subdued and shy. Her anger laded away. She stood in awe of his cock.

Her cunt flooded.

Red turned a piggish eye towards her. Although caught in unusual circumstances, Red was not taken aback. He was not jerking off, he was merely doing some normal body building, and he knew that only a prude would disapprove. He jolted his dick and the weight came up, swinging. His cock bent slightly under the strain, and the knob flexed and flared.

"Come on in," he grunted. "Just working out between classes, as you can see. I hope you don't mind."

Amanda went in and pushed the door firmly shut in her wake.

"Certainly not," she said. "I have always believed that the human body is a masterpiece and have never held with those who are abashed by nudity. In fact, I am an exponent of sex education on all levels, and…

"Horse shit!" Red snapped. Sex education sapped the strength, he figured. He knew it was a Communist plot to defile the youth of America, to wash away patriotism on a sea of semen.

Miss Bridewell had moved closer and was gaping in open awe at his flexed dick. "I hope you don't shower with the bays," she said. "I'm sure they would all suffer terrible feelings of inferiority if they ever saw your cock, Coach."

"Damn right, little bastards," he said. "All they think about is pulling their pork. They get a look at this whopper, it would give 'em something to think about."

"Er… that's why I came here, Coach. Skip Cartwright tells me you have warned against masturbation."

"Yeah." His dick rose and dipped. "Saps the vitality."

"Surely you can't believe that?"

"Yep," he said simply.

"Well, I don't. In fact, I've given Skip a couple of jerk-offs as homework."

"Aw, shit… he's my fullback! What you trying to do, Miss Bridewell? How can he hit the line when his knees are all watery from whacking off?"

"Well…" Her outrage had ebbed. She said, "Don't you ever jerk off, Coach?" She smiled. "I imagine, with a dick like yours, it would be rather like wrestling an anaconda."

"Naw, I never pull the pudding," be said. "It's bad for you. Not only vitality, either. Patriotism, too. You jerk all the red-blooded American patriotism right out with the cum."

Amanda, who would much rather come than wave the flag, figured he might have something there. He had, if nothing else, one hell of a pecker.

She said, "Well… maybe… sounding dubious." Then she said, "I can see that you avoid jacking off by exercising. I wonder… is there any sort of exercise a girl can do to keep her pussy satisfied without rubbing herself off?"

Red was pleased to have her seek his advice, but he was doubtful.

He said, "Well… you can't very well lift weights with your pussy, I guess. Maybe some dynamic tension… isometrics…"

"Some long, hard, barbell-type thing that I could put right up my cunt so that the insides would be exercised…" Miss Bridewell was saying.

"Calisthenics… something that my cunt could really cling to and work on and wring out…"

"Jumping rope… jogging… like your cock, say?"

"Oh," said Red Miller. His cock heaved the weight up so hard that it banged him in the knee. Miss Bridewell advanced on Red Miller, smiling hungrily. Red had been breathing heavily with the exertion of exercise. Now he began to pant. His broad chest heaved, and his pecker flared mightily. All the tendons and sinews in his athletic body seemed to be dragging towards his crotch, as if that were the focal point of his life forces. His prick was angled upwards, supporting the hanging weight. The weight swung like a pendulum before his shins, as if registering the heartbeats of passion as they speeded up. His balls were like fat cogwheels, and his cock throbbed as regular as clockwork.

Amada advanced slowly, and his eyes timed her approach while his pecker quivered like the hand of a watch, eager to sweep on through the minutes and hours of passion.

"My cock, you say," Miller rasped. His dick flared, alerted at hearing it mentioned.

"Quite so," said the oversexed schoolmarm. "Like a… horizontal bar, say?" She nodded happily. She was standing quite close to him now. Although his piece of fleshy athletic equipment was all set to go,

it was in Amanda's nature that she tease him a bit.

Amanda had been a cockteaser in her childhood, and after she became a cocksucker, instead, she did not lose the taste for teasing and enjoyed making her partners wait for it… for, two or, three minutes, at least.

She stood with her legs apart and very slowly lifted the hem of her dress above the waist, her supple hips squirming as the dress passed over them.

Red Miller, seeing that she wore no panties, figured that she liked to exercise in the nude.

They had a great deal in common, he thought.

He gazed appreciatively at her dark, curly-haired cunt. He could just see the top of her pink, juicy slit where the gash began to divide the bush. Like a dog on a choke chain, his prick gave a great lurch, strangling its neck on the leather loop. She turned a graceful, full circle, letting him admire the firm buns of her ass, then came around and moved closer.

Amanda dropped her dress. Then Amanda dropped so her knees.

Reaching out, she dexterously unfastened the leather collar and freed his cock from the weight. His cock, unburdened, swung right up and slapped against his belly. The bloated tip was higher than his belly button, towering almost to his lower ribs.

"Oh my!" she said. "Your cock must have had a tremendous workout! It's heaving with exertion and sweating madly…" She took the massive slab in both hands. It was so big that she held it like a baseball bat.

"After a workout, there's nothing like a good rub down," she said as her hands started to move up and down. Amanda had often wished that she had taken employment in a massage parlor, instead of as a teacher.

But Red looked concerned. He said, "Don't you dare to jerk me off! It's okay to give it a bit of a massage, that's good for it, but don't try to sap my vitality."

Amanda smiled dreamily. That was all right with her, for she had no intention of wasting his stored up spunk on her hands.

She was amused to see that Miller was quite serious in his aversion to masturbation, even when other hands did the manipulating. She wondered if his strict code of vitality preservation extended to blow jobs?

Still smiling, she leaned forward. His dick was so long that, kneeling, she had to arch her neck like a giraffe eating the leaves from the top of a tree in order to get her mouth to his cock head. Her tongue pushed out as she gently lapped at the tip of his bloated knob.

The saline flavor tingled on her taste buds. It thrilled the cock-

crazed lass. She ran her moist tongue all around his knob and along the ledge behind, then began to lap up and down the underside of his shaft. Criss-crossing her tongue back and forth, she worked down to his balls. She lapped at those bloated mounds, loving the way the hard nuts jiggled within the hairy, wrinkled sac. Then she rose up again, using long, upward tongue strokes this time, running her nimble tongue from the very root of his cock to the knob with each long, slow, delicious slurp.

At the top once more, she craned her neck and slipped her lips over his knob.

The head of his pecker was so huge that when she got it into her mouth, her cheeks bulged out, full of hot cock meat on both sides. She sucked adoringly for a few minutes, her tongue squirming against the underside of the knob at the electric point where the thick, pulsing vein merged with the bi-valved crown. It tasted so wonderful, and it was so comforting to have a mouthful of hot cock that Amanda had half a mind to give him a full blow job and drink his cum.

She loved it when a man came in her mouth. She loved the feel and the sensation, the taste and the texture, the thrill of knowing that she had milked him that way. The more spunk they spent, the better. Her appetite for jism was voracious, but she didn't know how potent Red Miller was. Despite his regular exercise routine, he might not be able to tonic more than once, and Amanda's pussy was screaming for attention. As lovely as it would have been to suck him off, she didn't want to do it without some assurance that he would be able to fuck her right, afterwards. It would have been frustrating, to say the least, to give him his jollies in the oral fashion and then find that his dick had gone limp just when her cunt cried for it.

So she sucked for a few minutes and then, with regret, drew her lips away.

The great head of his cock popped from her mouth like a cork from a bottle. The knob was sparkling with a coating of saliva, and the big vein, almost as thick as Amanda's forefinger, writhed like a black serpent up the cock shaft.

Miller heaved a sigh of relief. When she had started lapping and sucking on his prick, he knew that she must be a liberal. He hated liberals, but it felt so good that he granted her tolerance. If she had sucked him off, however, he would have known that she must be at least a Communist, and he would have been deeply and bitterly ashamed of himself for haying nourished the appetite of a dirty. Red.

Now he saw that she was just a dutiful woman preparing his cock for normal, conservative screwing.

Supporting herself on his cock as if it were a chinning bar, Amanda pulled herself to her feet. She looked wistful, for she was

sorry that she had had to stop sucking before he came – she much preferred teaching French to English, truth be known. She adored the way that the French language flowed from the tongue and lips, just as a cock flowed onto them in the related practice. But the demands of her cunt took precedence.

She slid onto the edge of his metal desk. Miller stood between her legs, his feet braced and his hips thrusting in and out as if he were threatening her with his great spike. He hesitated. He had known a few women who were frightened by his dimensions and protested that their tiny cunts would not accommodate a cock of such magnitude. But now he saw that Miss Bridewell had no such modest pretensions concerning the pliability of her pussy. He gazed at her cunt. Her lips were unfolding and rippling, laying bare the darker, inner lips. Her slot was flooded with cream. He could see that she must exercise her cunt muscles with great regularity.

"Put it to me, Coach," she whimpered. "Give me that big slab of meat before I melt!"

Red wrapped his hand around the hilt of his weapon and fitted the huge cockhead to her gaping crack. Her cunt lips slurped at it, trying to drag him in, so eager was her hole to be stuffed. He gave a hip thrust and his knob slid up her gash. Her lips clamped snug behind the head, caressing him.

"All of it!" she cried.

Amanda squirmed and writhed around on his prick as it slowly slid into her cunt to the hilt. Their pubic hairs tangled together and his bloated balls squeezed tight to her ass as she perched on the very edge of the desk. Many fine plays had been designed on that metal surface but, Miller thought, this was a contact sport that well matched any of them.

He held the full penetration for a few moments, savoring the pleasure of having his big dick buried in warm, juicy flesh. Amanda thrilled to the sensation of being stuffed chock-a-block full of steaming prick.

Then they began to move at the same time, as if their minds and needs were linked as closely together as their loins.

Amanda ground her hips from side to side, and humped her belly and ass up and down, working her cunt around his cock with friction and torque. Miller shoveled the prick to her with long, rippling, under slung strokes. He could feel her wonderful cunt muscles as they worked on him inside her body. A series of concentric rings tightened in sequence, running from his root to his knob as if she were jerking him off with her pussy.

He worked his cock muscles in tempo with her, causing the huge rod to swell up inside her, expanding her pussy as if she were being

inflated. Looking down at her belly, Amanda half-expected to see a big furrow plowed up, like the path of a gopher across a garden, so full was her cunt.

His great penetrating prick dragged her cunt lips right up inside her as he shoved it in, then seemed to turn her inside out like a glove as he drew back, peeling her cunt wide open with his passage. But her cunt had accommodated itself to his incredible bulk. Her pussy was fitted to every millimeter of his shaft and knob, giving moist clinging contact and delineating every contour of his cock. As he pulled back, until only the head of his dick remained sheathed in her quim, cunt juice gushed from her and ran in a heavy stream down into the crack of her ass.

She threw her legs up and clamped her thighs around his bucking flanks. Her heels drummed on his ass, then locked behind the small of his back. Her ass heaved up. She was riding him as if he were a jungle gym, and she an acrobat weaving intricate patterns of calisthenics on the bar.

Red Miller was delighted with her supple, athletic talent. She was much more nimble then he, but not as strong. Falling back on his strong point, he began to work his cock muscles as he did when he used that rod to lift weights. His pecker rose up in her cunt, lifting her slim hips right off the desk, then slammed down so that she bounced on the surface. He bucked her up and down, and she clung to him with her thighs as her firm ass slapped the desk, rose up, then slapped down again.

Miller was nearing the peak. His vitality was boiling, ready to blow.

Amanda was already coming. She had been jolting through a series of orgasms right from the start. Long waves of feeling coursed laterally through her loins, reaching a peak and ebbing for a moment, then soaring right back up to another peak. Her multiple orgasms came closer together, the wavelength shortening even as the waves increased in intensity. She bit her lower lip, her head rolled from side to side, and she whimpered with bliss. She was struggling to save her, terminal, greatest climax for the moment when she felt his spunk squirt into her, and she knew that moment was coming fast.

Abandoning his up and down heaving, Miller put the cock to her straight in fast and furious, burying his great prick to the hilt in her slimy scabbard of a cunt.

He howled like a crazed wolf, and his cook went off like a cannon.

Amanda gasped as she felt the tidal wave of his cum blast into her womb, splashing into her cunt with such force that it almost drove her right across the desk. Miller had to brace his great thighs against the

mighty recoil. He didn't shoot two or three separate bursts, but spent every drop of his pent-up spunk in that single gigantic geyser. It poured out under pressure in a single jet that went on and on, so that he was still spilling spunk into her when the first heavy ribbons came flooding out of her gash and soaked her crotch and thighs.

Amanda melted on his cock. She collapsed on the desk, gasping.

Miller staggered back. His dick was stuck in her. He weaved, weak-kneed, on the end of his prick as if it were a leash.

"That," Amanda breathed, "was wonderful!"

"Yeah, that was a good workout," he said. "We ought to work out together more often."

"Every day, maybe?" she said.

"Except Sundays. You got to let the body rest and recover one day a week."

"I can wear that," she smiled.

His cock had finally detached itself from her. She glanced down and was pleased to note that, although it had softened and diminished somewhat, it was still semi-erect. It looped out in a great fat parabola from his loins. The head was dripping with shards of cum and streams of cunt juice. Her crotch was soaking wet, and the crack of her ass felt as if it had been oiled or buttered. She wriggled, enjoying the luxurious sensation of being coated with cum and cunt juice.

"We ought to take a shower now," he said.

"I could clean you with my tongue, if you like."

Miller looked uncomfortable at that suggestion. Now that he had got his rocks off, he was not so tolerant of the varieties of sexual function.

He changed the subject, saying, "Do you jog?" But Amanda changed it back: "No, but I suck a mean dick."

Miller's pecker twitched. Maybe there was something to be said for the commies, at that.

She wasn't a Russian, and the French were allies, and Amanda knew her man.

Striking just the right note, she said, "Did you know that cum is one of the best health foods you can eat? It's full of vitamins and protein, and it makes your hair glossy and your complexion clear and your eyes keen."

"Is that a fact?" he said. "I never knew that."

"Oh yes. It was in Reader's Digest."

"Well, it must be true, then."

"Cunt juice, too."

"Well I'll be damned."

"It's why I drink so much cum," she said. "It's like eating yogurt. You might not like it, but you have to eat it for the sake of your

health."

Red Miller understood that and nodded. He saw that he had been neglecting himself through ignorance for years, and he hoped it was not too late to rectify the mistake. It would be a terrible shame if he aged prematurely due to not eating enough pussy.

"It tastes pretty good, too," she added.

He was, wondering if he might sprinkle some wheat germ on her pussy, or maybe slice a banana up in it?

He said, "I never ate a cunt, but that was through pure blind ignorance, I'm sorry to admit. I don't suppose you would let me nourish myself from your pussy sometime?"

"Sometime?" she said, arching her brows.

"At your convenience…"

"Anytime is more like it," said the sexy school teacher who often wished she had trained to be a dietician.

Miller licked his lips. He did feel a bit under nourished.

Amanda arched her back and spread her thighs. "Come and get it, baby," she purred. She petted her sodden crotch. "This pussy is one-a-day brand."

CHAPTER THREE

"She didn't!"

"She sure as hell did!" Skip said.

"I don't believe it!" said Sarah Wimpole. "Miss Bridewell gave you a handjob? Never!"

Skip was sullen. "She did so!" he snapped. Skip had not intended to tell anyone about what had happened with the English teacher, but circumstances had changed his plans. When he had left the History class, Sarah Wimpole had caught him up in the hall. She had been giggling.

"Did you see John Tremont when he had to stand up in class?" she said. "He had a great big boner. Boy, did he look embarrassed. I don't know why he should of been, though." She lowered her eyes demurely. "It looked awful nice and big."

That disturbed Skip. He had had his eye on Sarah for some time, and he didn't like to hear her sound impressed by the cock of anyone else.

"Mine's bigger," he said.

"Maybe," she said, but she didn't sound too sure of that.

With his vanity hurt and jealousy gnawing at him, he had told her about Miss Bridewell. Now he was more annoyed than ever, because she didn't believe him. He sulked. He was a fullback on the football team, and girls were not supposed to doubt his word.

He said, "And she gave me two wanks for homework, and I got to bring the spunk to school in a jar."

"Bullshit," said Sarah, who looked young and innocent but had a foul mouth. She was a slender girl with frizzy red hair and nice big eyes. Her chest was flat as a boy's but her ass was firm, pert and very nubile, and her legs were long and lithe.

Rumor had it that she was not as pure as she ought to be and had, in fact, slept with more than one boy. Skip was intrigued by the girl herself and by her reputation, for the two were seemingly at odds. She looked innocent, except for her foul mouth, and Skip always found it more exciting to imagine an innocent girl doing naughty things than to think of a naughty girl doing the same thing. It was one of the paradoxes of passion.

But as he thought about it, he couldn't blame Sarah for doubting him. His was an unlikely story.

He said, "Will you believe me if I show you the spunk in a jar before I turn it in as homework?"

"Nope. Any old asshole can jerk off in a jar. How would I know Miss Bridewell assigned it?"

Skip was determined to make the girl believe him. He was an honest sort of fellow at heart and truly hated to be thought a liar or a boaster.

He said, "I'll tell you what. Miss Bridewell said that whacking off is good for you and Coach Miller says it's bad for you. I'm gonna go see Coach now and tell him what she said. I won't tell him she jacked me off, of course, but I'll tell him she said I ought to do it. I wouldn't very well lie to Coach about that, would I? I mean, he's sure to task Miss Bridewell."

Sarah nodded.

"So you come along with me and you can hide in the hallway and listen. I'll leave the door open while I tell him. Then you'll have to believe me. Okay?"

She giggled. "Okay."

And then, because she fancied Skip as much as he fancied her, and therefore liked to tease him, she said, "I wonder if she jerks off John Tremont, too? John sure did have a nice big hard-on in History class."

Giggling, she followed Skip to the gym. Normally, Skip would never have opened the door to Red Miller's office without knocking, but there was nothing normal about this situation. Sarah was right behind him, giggling, and if the coach were to open the door instead of simply calling out for Skip to enter, he would see a girl very much off limits in the boy's gym.

That was why be opened the door without knocking.

Which, in turn, was why the saw Coach Miller eating the hell out of Miss Bridewell's cunt.

Miss Bridewell was perched on the edge of the desk – a position she seemed to favor more and more these days, Skip thought – and Coach Miller, stark naked and with a cock like a club, was kneeling between her thighs, sucking and tonguing the cunt juice from her with rare gusto. His square head bobbed up and down and turned from side to side, as if he wanted to get every last crumb from the plate of her crotch. His chin glistened with pussy juice.

Miss Bridewell, her voice husky and dreamy, whispered, "Don't forget the clit, Coach, that's the best part."

Miller began to suck all the nourishing succulence from that rigid, tingling love bud.

At first, it didn't register on Skip. He saw every detail with perfect clarity, but the act was so alien to him that it didn't impress itself on his mind for a good five seconds. It was simply not possible that Coach Miller was eating pussy. It had to be some mistake, some flaw in his vision or some trick of perspective.

Then it clicked, and Skip's eyes bulged out like hard-boiled eggs.

"What is it?" Sarah whispered.

"Naw… you'll never believe me," he said.

"Let me see," she said. She slid past the open door and, with one eye, looked into the room.

"Nope, I don't believe you," she said. Then it occurred to her that Skip had not told her that Coach Miller was eating Miss Bridewell's cunt, but then she had seen it with her very own eyes.

Their eyes opened very wide indeed. Both of them peered into the room, doubting their senses, and watched Red Miller suck streamers and ribbons of thick cunt juice out of Miss Bridewell's hot honeypot.

Coach Miller stepped back, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Miss Bridewell hoped he wouldn't belch. She slid off the desk but leaned back on it for support. Her legs felt weak following another wonderful climax and, for the moment, her pussy had received enough attention.

With her cunt quieted, Miss Bridewell's thoughts turned to other things. She remembered how tasty his dick had been when she was giving it a bit of oral foreplay. Now, with her pussy already satiated, her hunger returned. She saw, to her delight, that Miller's prick had grown hard and huge again, inspired to a brand new erection while he tongued and sucked her pussy… a hard-on that had been nourished on the rich sauce of her twat. It seemed only fair that, since she had inspired it, she should get to eat it.

"That was very nice," she told Miller.

"Yeah, it wasn't too bad," he agreed. He was wondering how many vitamins and calories he had slurped from her nutritious snatch. He seldom, ate junk food or snacked between meals, and he liked to keep accurate track of his food, intake. He saw that he would have to do some reading on the subject to ascertain just what benefits he was deriving from the delicious food supplements that Miss Bridewell had provided.

It wasn't all that easy for Coach Miller to think. He could never think about two things at once, and it wasn't until he saw where Miss Bridewell was looking that he realized his pecker was rampant again.

She said, "It's my turn, Coach."

"You wanna drink some spunk, huh?"

"Ummm… a drink on a stick," she purred.

Well, that certainly sounded like junk food to him. But on the other hand, his pecker looked like proper, hearty protein, a fat link of sausage or a bloated shish kebob. He knew it was stuffed with mineral-fortified white sauce because he could feel that creamy condiment building up in his balls.

It was funny how he'd always had the mistaken idea that only perverts and Communists sucked dick, he thought. He was certainly

glad to be rid of that false concept, for it sure had felt good when her mouth had been milking away on his peckerhead.

He wrapped a big, blunt fist around his towering pole and gave it a slow push-pull.

"Come and get it," he rasped.

In the narrow hallway, redolent of sweating bodies and pungent liniment and dirty socks, Skip and Sarah exchanged a shocked and disbelieving glance. The door was only open a crack and they were both peering into the office, from opposite sides of the door jamb, cheek to cheek. They turned to gape at each other but then turned right back, not wanting to miss the activities within. Skip was thinking: there may be more to this jerking off bit than meets the eyes. Maybe Miss Bridewell wasn't concerned about my health and ability to learn at all… maybe she just wants me to bring her a jar of cam so she can drink it! But the lad did not feel used or deceived, even if that were so.

He felt very horny, however. He knew he would be very impatient to get home after school and start to fill the jar with spunk. If he could wait that long…

If – dare he hope it? – if sexy Sarah Wimpole did not have a better idea, a warmer and more attractive alternative vessel than a glass jar.

And Sarah seemed as excited as Skip. Perhaps she was even more excited… and with good reasons.

For one thing, whereas Skip had just shot wad of cum on Miss Bridewell's crotch, Sarah had not had an orgasm since the night before. She had awakened a bit late that morning and, having to rush to get ready for school, she had to forego her usual morning cunt rub. She had been mildly randy all day and anxious for school to let out so she could hurry home and rub her pussy to a froth. That was why she had caught Skip up in the hallway and started talking about John Tremont's hard-on-because she was randy, she felt like talking about naughty things.

And for another thing, there was an element of danger involved in her presence in the passage to the boys' locker room. Skip, if he were to be discovered there, would make any number of excuses for his presence, but the girl would definitely be in for it. The little tingling thrill of danger enhanced the warm lust in her nubile loins.

Peering through the crack, she slipped her hand into Skip's damp palm. Holding hands, they watched. What they saw was this: Coach Miller, big and brawny and red blooded, was standing with his legs widespread and his hips thrusting in and out in a fucking motion. His hand was folded around his huge shaft, pumping it slowly up and down in tempo with his hip thrusts.

The head of his pecker was a sight to behold. It was like some meaty wedge-shaped tool, suitable for prying open iron vaults more than soft, willing cunts; a crowbar that, levering across the rolling fulcrum of his balls, could – given a place to stand – move the world in its orbit; a tower that could quite nicely stand in as a substitute for the Washington Monument, or take its place unnoticed at the gunwales of a ship of the line. The knob was tapered, broad at the ledge and pointed at the cleft tip. It might well have stood over the tomb of a Pharaoh, guarding the treasures below, or launched itself as the nose cone of a starship soaring into the incalculable reaches of space.

It was, in short, a very big prick, and Amanda Bridewell's mouth was watering for it.

She had dropped to hands and knees and was crawling towards Coach Miller, licking her lips like a cat sneaking up on a bowl of cream. She still had her dress on, but the hem was pulled up to her waist so that, from the door, Skip and Sarah could see her wet, parted snatch and her tight asshole. A solitary trickle of cunt juice ran slowly down the inside of her nylon-sheathed thigh, and her clit was a glowing nugget.

She was at his feet. He looked down, his big jaw out and his head tilted slightly back, his shoulders back too, as if to balance the burden of his heavy cock.

Amanda began to lick his feet, then moved upwards, tonguing her way up the powerful columns of his legs towards the succulent treat above her. She was in no hurry. She wanted a long, leisurely full course dinner, with his balls for an appetizer and his rich cream for dessert. She used long strokes of her tongue on the rigid muscles of his inner thighs and, reaching the junction, spent several happy moments licking the crease where his leg joined his torso. Her head switched back and forth as she tongued him on both sides. Her chin brushed his swollen balls but she did not lick them yet. Bypassing her eventual goal, she moved up and licked his belly.

His cock was jerking and throbbing like a one horned bull, mad to gore her.

Amanda lowered her face. She began to lick his huge nuts, holding the heavy sac cupped in her hand as she ran her nimble tongue all around his balls.

She lapped up to his fat stalk, slurping juicily, then parted her lips and fed his great cock head into her ravenous mouth. Her checks bulged. Her eyes widened, as if his pecker head was so huge that it had nudged her brain out of position and forced her eyes to expand.

His dick was so big that it was hard to suck. She tried her best, whimpering. Her head bobbed up and down as if she were ducking for

apples, but she could not slide her eager mouth up and down his shaft, as his cock head filled her mouth all the way back toward her throat. He was trying to help her, trying to fuck into her mouth, but instead of sliding his rod in and out, he was merely moving her head about on the end of it.

He grasped her by the head, blunt fingers twisting in her hair, trying to hold her head steady so that lie could fuck her mouth, but it was impossible. Never before had he regretted the dimensions of his dork, and never before had sex, mad Amanda Bridewell wished that her mouthful of hot dick was a bit smaller. She was mouthing his cock like a hot potato, burning her tongue, but it was too tasty to reject.

She saw that it simply was not possible to give him a blow job in the normal fashion.

Undaunted, the cock-starved schoolmarm wrapped her delicate hand around his stalk. Her fingers could barely span that great breadth. She began to pump him up and down with her hand while her mouth sucked frantically on his knob.

If it occurred to the anti-masturbation coach that he was being given a hand job, he ignored that wasn't the same when the head of a dick being jacked was fitted in a mouth, not the same thing at all. In fact, he took her by the wrist and guided her into the proper rhythm, then withdrew his hand and let her get on with the job.

She was proud of herself. She knew there was no job too big, no task too hot to handle. She set to work in earnest now, ready and eager for his orgasm. She was pumping him slowly and steadily with one hand. Her other hand cupped his balls, caressing the hairy sac. She was using her tongue and cheeks and lips all at the same time, in wonderful conjunction. Her tongue glided back and forth against the underside of his knob. Her cheeks pulled at the fat slab of meat. Her lips sucked adoringly at the whole great wad of pecker head.

She was so skilled and Miller was so hot that it could not last long. His big body began to shiver, then tremble, then vibrate. His hard frame hummed like a tuning fork to the pitch of her oral note. Muscles leaped and jumped out all over him and his phallic muscle was jumping in her mouth, his balls as inflated as a balloon.

"I'm… gonna… blow…" he said, warning her to be prepared to have her tonsils whitewashed, or promising her that she was about to be fed.

She said, "Unghhh," which was all she could manage to say with her mouth brimful of bulging pecker.

She sucked with devotion. She seemed to be worshipping the phallic idol, paying oral homage to this symbol of potency.

Miller gave a strangled cry. His balls erupted and the thick sap poured up his fat tube and blasted into her throat, with such force that

the schoolmarm's head was buffeted backwards. Gamely, she forced her face down, pushing down against the great jet of his semen like a salmon fighting its way upstream to spawn. Her throat worked as she frantically gulped his jism down in order to make room for more, for the jet was still pouring from his cock head in a steady spring. There was no time to savor the delicate flavor of his cum. She had to swallow it down desperately as it continued to spurt forth in a ceaseless torrent.

As he had in her cunt, Miller blew the whole load in one gigantic geyser. He sagged. His heavy shoulders seemed to cave in as his legs trembled. He felt as if he had shot more than cum into her eager throat – as if his blood, his brains, his organs, his very skeleton had melted and been blasted from his dick, leaving him no more than an empty bag of skin.

Miller as finished, but Amanda was not. The terminal dregs of his spunk were still drooling from his cock, and she was milking him to the last drop. Now that the force of his ejaculation had been spent, she had time to savor the spunk on her tastebuds and let it wash around in her mouth before she let it slip down her throat.

She continued to suck even after his prick had softened, her sweet lips pulling on the deflated knob and sucking on the bending rod. She milked him bone-dry before she drew her creamy lips away from his carnal creamer.

She smiled at him, contented as a well-fed cat. Miller and Amanda were, for the enjoyment, both satisfied.

But Skip and Sarah, in the hallway, were just starting to ignite with passion.

CHAPTER FOUR

Neither Skip nor Sarah had ever seen anything like it before. Sarah, truth be known, was more experienced than the football player, but her experience had all been first hand – that is, although she'd done things, she had never watched anyone else do things. Furthermore, those experiences had mostly been in the dark backseats of cars, so she hadn't really seen what she was doing. And despite her own sexual encounters, Sarah had never been as hot as she was now.

She looked at Skip, her face drained white, her expression one of shock – shock not at what she'd seen, but at the extent of her own lust.

"I believe you," she whispered.

"I believe what you told me… that Miss Bridewell gave you a hand job," she whispered.

"Oh, that. Yeah."

"It's a wonder she didn't blow you, instead. I mean… she obviously loves to give head."

Skip didn't know if it was a wonder or not. He thought it was a shame, though.

He said, "You know, I don't think she whacked me off for my health at all… I think she liked doing it."

"Ummmmm… I don't blame her," Sarah said, smiling.

Skip felt his whole body tighten. He pulled the office door closed silently. He knew there was no hurry, for neither the coach nor the teacher was in any state to come rushing out into the hall. Coach Miller could hardly stand, and Miss Bridewell was digesting an enormous meal.

Skip said, "Have you… ever…?"

"What, Skip?" Sarah asked, looking impish.

"You know."

"Jerked a boy off, you mean?"

Skip was always shocked by her foul mouth, but right now he didn't care. He figured it was appropriate to the situation… and to his designs. "Yeah. Have you?"

Sarah peered at him. She seemed to be pondering her reply – not so much whether she should tell the truth or not, but to what answer would produce the most desirable effect on Skip.

After a moment, she said, "Yes," very softly.

Skip felt all the lust of jealousy. "Who?" he demanded.

"Oh, a couple boys…"

"A couple!"

"Well… five or six…" She had decided her approach was just right for his pecker. His cock had been hard all the while he watched Miss

Bridewell suck the coach's dick, and now it began to buck and leap in his pants.

"Why, you're a… a tramp!"

Amanda, looking as demure as possible under the circumstances, averted her eyes and said, "I've even done worse things than jerk them off, Skip…"

"Not…"

"All the way?" he gasped.

"Ummm. A few times."

"Gosh!" he said. "I always thought you were a nice girl, except for your dirty mouth."

"Oh, I never sucked a cock," she said.

"Naw, I mean the way you talk."

"Oh. That."

Now that he knew she was a tramp, Skip felt more confident. He said, "Boy! If I'd known you were a pig…"

He meant no insult and Sarah understood that. It was just an expression of habit, locker room talk and they were, after all, in a locker room.

She said, "I never mean to do it, but sometimes I get so hot I can't help it."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," he said. "I'm hot now, Skip. Right now!"

"You want to do it?"

"Um-hum," she said enthusiastically.

"So do I! Where can we go?"

She shrugged. She knew he didn't have a car.

She had never been screwed except in a car, in fact, and a car symbolized sex to her. If a boy said, "Want to go for a ride?" it was exactly the same as if he'd said, "Let's go to bed."

Sarah did not often turn down a ride. Skip said, "How about under the bleachers at the field?"

She wrinkled her nose. "There's dog shit under there," she said delicately.

"That's true. But I… wait! I know!" His eyes gleamed. Now they were both living dangerously.

"The shower room," he whispered, jerking his head towards it. "There's no gym class now, no one will look in the showers. Anyhow, we'll turn the hot water on and the room will steam up so much that no one will be able to see who's in there, anyhow. You ain't got no tits."

"Thank you very much…"

"… and you'll look like a boy, anyhow, if they don't look too close. See, no one looks at anyone else's dick in the showers, 'cause

they're afraid people will think they're fruit. So we can do it there okay."

Sarah liked the thrill of danger. Even if she hadn't, she was too hot to turn the idea down. She would have settled for the bleachers, dog shit and all, if there was no alternative.

"Okay, let's," she said. She showed him her most modest smile. "Let's go fuck in the showers," she said.

Skip saw Sarah through the drifting mist. He had turned on all the showerheads, and the long, narrow room was fogged with swirling mist, like a primordial swamp. Watching the girl drift through the mist, he found it very exciting. Catching quick glimpses of her naked body was more thrilling than seeing her openly, he figured. Maybe that had something to do with her lack of tits, but he didn't think so because her sleek young thighs, pneumatic ass and supple pelvis more than made up for her arrested breast development.

She stood close to Skip under the spray, her body glistening with beads and bright points where the water clung to her. She looked slippery as an eel, he thought. He knew they would slide together with a fluid ease. He adored the strong arch of her lean thighs, the graceful sweep from calf to ankle, and the way her wonderful ass swept out, firm and round as an apple, cutting sharply in to the backs of her shapely legs. Although she was flat chested, she had big nipples. The pink tips jutted out from big, round aureoles, stiff and taut, as if they were begging for attention.

He took her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, tweaking it gently, then rolling it. He felt it explode like a bomb in his hand. He placed his other hand on her other tit and felt it up, standing face to face under the shower. She was laughing gaily, her eyes bright with the thrill.

He kissed her feeling her tits at the same time. Her lips parted and her tongue came out, darting into his mouth. She certainly knew how to kiss. Her tongue had found his, entwining it, coiling together like two moist serpents mating in a cave. When she withdrew her tongue, she dragged his with it into her own mouth. They swapped tongues back and forth as he caressed her tits.

Her hand crept up his thigh and touched his cock.

Skip groaned. He had had girls touch his dick before, but he had always had to take their hand and guide it to the vital contact. It thrilled him that she did it on her own.

She was stroking up and down his pecker as Skip slipped a hand between her legs. She parted her thighs, giving him access. His middle finger slipped along her slit, then pushed into her cunt.

We're really going to do it! he realized.

He had half expected her to back out, but now that he had his

hand on her twat and his finger up her gash, he knew they were going to fuck. His dick surged mightily in her hand as he jabbed his finger in and out of her cunt. His thumb played with her inflamed clit and her pelvis jerked. She pressed to him, rolling her belly over his upright cock. He could feel his rod push an indentation in her firm flesh, and it maddened him with the desire to get inside of her.

He bent his knees and pushed his pecker between her legs. It lay horizontally along her crotch. When he humped, it ran along the slit without penetrating. He bent his knees lower, to angle his dick upwards at her hale, but she moved back.

"Wait a minute," she said.

He looked at her in horror, fearing that she had changed her mind, but she was smiling saucily.

"I want to do what Miss Bridewell did," she said.

Skip's mind reeled and his pecker throbbed.

"I never did that before, 'cause I thought it was dirty," she told him. "But if my English teacher does it, it must be okay… and anyhow, we're in the shower, so it won't be dirty at all."

And without any further delay, the sexy little nymph bent down and took his cock into her mouth. She sucked and slurped merrily for a few moments, then straightened up.

"Yummy," she said, licking her lips.

Skip was wild with lust now. He bent his knees again, and this time his pecker slipped right up her hole without any resistance at all. She arched and came up on her tiptoes, her hands on his shoulders for support. Skip cupped her firm ass in both hands and began to fuck up into her furiously, jolting her slim pelvis up with every thrust.

She was whimpering and panting as she ground her hips from side to side and pumped her belly up and down in tempo with his lunges. Her pussy was clinging to him, tightly clamped over his dick and working on it as if she had some greedy internal maw, hungry for his cum. His hands pulled her higher, by the ass, and he jolted the pork to her with rare abandon. It was Skip's first fuck and it was, he saw, every bit as wonderful as it was supposed to be.

Suddenly Sarah began to shudder.

She's coming! he thought. It was true, and that drove the lusty youth to a new frenzy of lust. He shoveled great cuntfuls of dick up into her, heaving the pork in like a stoker feeding a furnace.

"Do it," she gurgled, her voice strained and breaking as her orgasm rippled through her. "Come in me, Skip! I want you to shoot in my cunt…"

Skip moaned, then gasped as the familiar feeling – which up until now had always been caused by his own fist – was brought to him by her rip ling twat.

"NOW!" she cried as she reached the peak.

Skip blasted a thick wad of cum up her juicy hole, jamming in hard and spending deep in her loins. He drew back jerkily and banged in as a second shot sped up his dick and hosed her cunt with a heavy spray. His mind was as thrilled as his body as he filled her with spunk.

He was coming in a cunt! He was shooting his wad in a real pussy!

There was no need to imagine that his hand was a cunt. He had the real thing clamped on his dick, and the lad hosed her pussy with jet after jet of turbulent juice, filling her so fast that cum was pouring out of her cunt and running down her thighs, giving her a thicker shower than that which darted down on them from above.

Drained, he held her close while she squirmed about a little, working off the final spasms of her creamy orgasm.

Skip knew that girls like to be romantic after fucking. He kissed her and tried to call her darling, although he couldn't quite manage that – that was for grown-ups, he guessed. His dick had softened now. It slipped out of her and bobbled about in the shower spray. She was eyeing it as it she wondered whether there was any more vitality left in it.

"Gee, that was swell," he said.

"Ummm. It was lots of fun." Then: "You know Ricky Jones?"

Skip, wondering at the non sequitor, nodded.

"He always likes to do it at least twice," she said, giggling naughtily and batting her eyes.

She had judged the effect nicely. Skip scowled with anger, but his dick started to grow again. She wrapped her hand around it and began to jack it up to a brand new hard-on while, with her other hand, she caressed her clit to get it tingling again.

Then Coach Miller walked in.

Naked and sporting a dick like a totem pole, he came into the misty shower room to cleanse himself after his coupling with the oversexed English teacher who moonlighted with techniques of the French persuasion. He was whistling a happy tune as he stood under the hot spray and began to soap his massive chest and belly. The coach was not thinking very clearly yet. He still felt as if Miss Bridewell had sucked his brains out along with his spunk, and although he noticed that the showers were all going full blast, he figured there must be a reason for it and that he had simply forgotten it in his euphoric state. He worked up a great lather on his belly and then began to soap his gigantic cock and balls.

Skip and Sarah stood very quietly in the corner. Skip still had her hand on his dick, but it was frozen there in fright now. Although his cock remained hard, it felt like an icicle in her fist. "What shall we

do?" she mouthed, Skip rolled his eyes, helpless in his horror. "Maybe he won't see us," she whispered.

It seemed possible. The mist was heavy and the coach was busy soaping his cock, which was twitching a bit as he rubbed the slippery soap into it.

Then he turned and gazed right at them.

Skip began to hum the high school anthem and rubbed his hand under his arm as if he were soaping his armpit. Sarah began to rub his dick against her belly as if it were an elongated bar of Lifebuoy. She kept her cunt turned away from the coach and let him see her flat chest.

Coach Miller nodded, recognizing his fullback. He couldn't see who the other lad was, but the boy was too slender for football, so that didn't matter. Coach Miller admired cleanliness in a lad and was pleased to see that his fullback took extra showers during the day.

He let the spray rinse the suds from his body and cock and walked out. Skip and Sarah breathed a shared sigh of relief. Then Coach Miller stuck his head back in.

"No grab-ass in there, fellas," said the coach.

CHAPTER FIVE

John Tremont felt like he wanted to crawl into a hole and die. Everyone in History class had noticed his hard-on, including the teacher, of whose manliness John was not too certain, and John was filled with shame. He could not stop blushing. He didn't dare look at anyone and, just to add insult to injury, his prick would not go down. As if that willful hunk of meat were mocking him and defying convention, it remained arrogantly upright, pulsating within his trousers.

He had not gone to his next class, for he was too embarrassed to walk into the room with his shame in bas relief for all to see. Now he was wondering how to subdue the iron-willed pecker.

He thought about taking a cold shower. Ann Landers recommended cold showers for incontinent symptoms, he knew, but he had found that they never worked very well. It was perfectly natural in the shower to soap oneself, and a well lathered dick just screamed to be whacked off.

He thought of cutting the rest of his classes and going home, but couldn't figure out how to walk through the streets with a great boner jutting out before him.

Finally, he decided that there was nothing for it. He was simply going to have to pound his meat to a limp lump, to beat the arrogant sod to a frazzle, to pump the living beejezus out of it until it begged for mercy.

It was not only the only solution to his erectile problem, but the most satisfying one.

Eager to take revenge on the dark that had mortified him, John wondered where he could perform the vendetta. There were various possibilities, for John had been a Meat Beater Supreme for some time, and with his meat beater's eye, he had ever been on the lookout for proper wankeries.

The library, be figured, was the best bet. Lurking in safety among the dusty shelves, be could pound the pork to his heart's content without fear of interruption. Holding his books tight to his turbulent loins, be waddled on to the library.

The librarian was thirty-five years old, with platinum blonde hair that came from a bottle and forty-two inch tits that came from her torso like cannon shells. Her name was Irma Cambridge and she liked her job, liked being surrounded by books. She could not ready very well, and seldom tried, but despite that – or because of it – she liked to be surrounded by weighty, learned volumes and scholarly tomes. It made her feel intelligent. She figured that plenty of knowledge would

seep, as if by osmosis, into her platinum head – eventually, anyway. Up until that point in her life, however, Irma had found that the only thing that ever seemed to seep into her head was jism, of which she drank in abundance during the course of her social life.

The was not a very efficient librarian and had not mastered the card catalogue system, but in one limited field she was an authority: Irma had read every sex manual in the library. She had created her own card system as well, one just had nothing to do with books and of which Dewey had never dreamed, but which, in its own way, was a great breakthrough in the cataloguing of her collection.

It was a Cock Catalogue.

Irma was busily bringing her catalogue up to date when John Tremont came in, with books in front of his crotch. Irma had had a busy night the day before, and it had, taken her all morning to get the required data down on the two-by-four cards that she used. Now she was filing them in the shoebox which housed her unique system. It was a decimal system in that the number printed at the top of the card referred, in inches and fractions thereof, to the length and circumference of the cock in question. Length was given first, being the most important to her way of thinking, and it was by that digit that the card was filed. That went in the top left hand corner.

In the top right hand corner she listed the circumference as measured around the widest point of the knob. Next – if she happened to know it – came the name of the gentleman attached to the cock being classified, and that was followed by a brief and accurate description of the cock's general appearance and delineation, i.e. hastate, saggitate, ovoid, etc., followed by mention of any unusual attributes such as scars, blemishes, warts, or birthmarks. At the bottom she listed the intangible qualities: taste, texture and aroma. She graded the balls according to cubic displacement.

It was a good system, accurate and infallible. Irma always carded a tape measure with her when she went out to socialize, and she thought she had a pretty good cross-section of the local men in her box, as well as a goodly number from neighboring cities.

But Irma cared nothing for men.

In that regard she could be thought of as frigid, for she sought no romance, no love, no affection. Nor did she care if a man was tall or short, fat or thin, handsome or ugly. Those were mailers of no significance.

With Irma, the cock was the thing.

The night before, she had jotted down the salient details of seven new cocks, and she was quite pleased with the new additions. She was just fitting the final one into its proper slot when John came into the library. She scarcely noticed him; she was giving the card a final

check to make sure it was correct.

The card, neatly printed, read:

7.52 inches x 6.23 inches
JOHN DOE
Cunneal crown
Tubular shaft
Heavily veined
Circumcised
A slightly, shapely cock without any disturbing marks
Taste: saline
Texture: velvet
Aroma: faintly spicy
Cubic displacement of balls: 8 ounces

Irma slipped the card into the file, smiling as she recalled how surprised John Doe – what a funny name – had been when she dipped his balls in a bowl of water to measure the overflow and deduce the displacement. But it had to be done, and now that he was on file, she would recognize that cock anywhere. It would stand out in a crowd, identifiable even if it sprouted from a field of peckers. No two cocks were alike, Irma knew.

She wondered, idly, what sort of cock John Tremont had.

That was why, her eyes wandering down, she saw that behind his text books lurked a hard-on. Irma's eyebrows went up, just as if his erection had lifted them, and she pursed her lips.

John, she noticed, had headed directly for the shelves at the back that housed the sex manuals and studies in eroticism.

Well, well, well, thought Irma.

John figured that since he had to beat his meat, anyhow, he might as well find some interesting books to look at while he pounded the potency from his pork. He went into the maze of shelves at the back and, feeling perfectly secure there, looked down the row of books and decided on a volume called: "Variations and Permutations in the Art of Love" by Dr. Aaron Plotnik. He braced the weighty book against the shelf and began to skim through it. Soon he found himself fascinated by the text, overjoyed to find that some of the variations, too difficult to describe in mere words, were illustrated. Breathing hard, he licked his lips and let his eyes pour over the definitions of the big, dry sounding words that, behind a facade of Latin and Greek, described such joys as cocksucking, cunt eating and asshole fucking.

John was enthralled. He opened his fly and let his dick spring out into his hand. He began to beat his meat nonchalantly as he read the dirty words.

He was so engrossed that he failed to hear the librarian as she approached.

"Well, I never!" said Irma.

She sounded disgusted. She was standing right beside him, her hands on her hips and her big tits sticking out like shelves. John jumped at the sound of her voice. He had been so absorbed by the book that he forgot he had his cock in his hand, and he thought that the busty librarian was disgusted because he was reading a sex manual. He thought he had better tell her that he was doing required research for biology, but before he could speak he saw that her eyes were directed not at the book, but at his loins. Looking down himself, he realized to his horror that his pecker was not only in his hand but that, from force of habit, he was still pumping it.

"Gee how did that get in my hand?" he said weakly. He tried to look absent-minded.

"That's perfectly disgusting," said Irma. "It's an honest mistake," he said. "A likely story, young man! A mistake, certainly, but not an honest one. This is a clear cut case of vandalism!"

John had heard jacking off called many things, from self-abuse to seed wasting, but he had never heard it referred to as an act of vandalism before. He was so bemused that he gave his dick another healthy frig from sheer inertia.

He said, "Huh?"

"Vandalism," she repeated. "Why, it's perfectly clear that you intended, to ejaculate on the library books. You nasty young vandal! You don't even have your handkerchief out!"

"Gee, I'm sorry," he stammered, not at all sure that he understood the situation: that the jerking off was not the crime but the soiling of the books was, seemed hard to believe. Would she have merely smiled encouragingly if he'd had the snout of his pecker aimed at a cum rag?

"So you should be. Well, I won't report you this time, but don't let it happen again."

"I sure won't," he said.

Through it all, his uncontrollable pecker had remained rampant. John was trying to tuck it away but it wouldn't bend. It refused to return, unwanked, to his pants.

"Don't break it!" said the librarian as she saw how hard he was manhandling his dork. "You have to be gentle with a pecker, you know… they aren't as hard as they look."

"If it gets any harder…" he grated, mauling it without success.

"No, no! Never, never try to force it," Irma said. "Never bend a hard dick. That's more dangerous than cleaning your ears with a matchstick, didn't you know that? The way to treat a hard dick is twofold. You can ignore it and wait for it to subside through boredom,

or you can whack it off."

John gaped at her, his jaw hanging open.

"On the whole, I favor whacking it off," she continued. "It's much quicker and more direct. However, and this is one of the golden rules of librarian lore, one must never, never cum on the books. Do you understand?"

John gulped and said, "Yes, ma'am."

Irma smiled.

"Well, that's settled," she said, reaching for her tape measure. "Now we only have to decide where you should deposit your spunk."

She was a very understanding librarian, John thought.

She said, "I'm sure there must be some novel suggestions in that book. Why don't you select one while I measure your cock?"

John didn't think he'd heard her right, but then he guessed he must have because what did the lusty librarian do but kneel down and commence to gauge his pecker with a tape measure! She took great pains to be accurate, fitting the measure at the root and drawing it up to the helmet while she tilted her head from side to side, judging angles. Her tongue was stuck in the corner of her mouth, thoughtfully.

She must have felt his eyes on her, for she looked up and, explaining, said, "Some people are very slack about dicks, you know. I hate that. It's not at aft efficient. Why, there are women who don't even know the size of the their husband's pricks. Really, I've met some. The sort of women who asks, 'Is it bigger than a breadbox?' and lets it go at that. But that will never do for me. Classifying cocks is a very exacting science, and it should be treated as such."

She nodded, affirming her belief, while she folded the tape measure neatly around the flaring head of his prick.

Since the measuring of a cock necessitated the handling thereof, John's pecker was responding to this measurement in a stormy fashion, bucking like a bronco so that it was hard to take an accurate measurement. Her hands kept slipping off the slippery rod. But Irma persevered, committing the figures to her memory. Then she put the tape measure away and stood up.

"Decided where to come?" she asked.

John had been watching her, neglecting his studies. Now he darted a look at the book and spotted the first word at the head of the column.

He read it, then spoke it: "Buggery."

"Why, you naughty little rascal," Irma said. Then: "It just so happens that your pecker is exactly the right size, in circumference, for that gentle science. What a coincidence!"

"Er… what is buggery?" John asked.

"Why, it's ass fucking dear," said Irma.

John wasn't at all sure that he was ready for ass fucking, what with being a virgin and all. He wondered if he should object. But he wondered too long and by then it was too late… her skillful hands had pumped his dick up to a hard-on that permitted no objections or hesitations.

She opened her blouse and shrugged it back so that her huge tits thrust out. She wore no bra and despite the massive weight of those soft globes, they were firm and upright. The nipples were brown, stiff, elongated. She smiled at John, and John gaped at her knockers. He was afraid to do anything, and stood there with his dick out.

Irma rather liked shyness in a lad. She took his hand and pulled it to her tits, encouraging him to feel the big spheres. He was clumsy at first, not sure how to handle a tit of such proportions. He squeezed and massaged and felt her nipples expand. Then she cupped her tits in her own hands, holding them up and together so that the cleavage deepened and she arched her back, offering her breasts to John. He leaned forward. His tongue licked at her swollen nipples, then he took them between his lips, each in turn, and sucked explanatorily on them.

John felt as if he had been transported to some dream world or other dimension. The whole situation dazed him and he wondered if he was imagining the whole thing: if his brain, deprived of sufficient blood to function normally because so much of his blood had been rerouted down to his dick, might not have started to malfunction. John had a hard-on all day long, and there was no telling what effect that might have on his bodily functions.

As John sucked on her tits, Irma played with his dick some more. She folded her hand around the shaft and used her thumb like a windshield wiper on the sensitive area where the stalk sprouted out into the helmet. His pecker was pulsating like an earthquake, and rippling tremors ran the length of his rod and caused the knob to vibrate.

Irma, a true connoisseur of cocks, liked John's stout member very much. It was not as big as many she'd known, but it was pleasingly shaped and very, very hard. She might have encountered dicks just as hard, but none harder, for flesh could get no harder than the lad's pecker was now.

She lifted her skirt with her free hand.

John, looking down from his feeding ramp, saw that she wore no panties. His eyes sparked as he looked at her big, hairy bush – much darker than her bleached blonde head – spreading out in a wide wedge on her cunt mouth. His hands shook with the impulse to grasp that big cunt but he didn't dare. The librarian was in control, and John felt he had to let her set the pace.

She drew his dork to her and commenced to rub the bloated knob against her belly and hips. She rose on her toes and brushed the tip of his pecker through her pubic thicket. It rustled through the wiry tangle like a well-muscled but velvet-skinned rodent slinking through a thorny hedge. A glob of preliminary spunk squeezed from his knob and matted her pubic hair.

Irma gave a little whimper of delight. Irma loved cum every bit as much as she loved cock, and she often wished she could invent some system whereby she could classify her lovers according to how much jism they yielded during the average ejaculation, but the logistics of such measurement were beyond her. She could have handled it easily if she jerked them off into a vessel, of course. But that defeated the purpose, for she liked their cum in her twat or mouth. Now, delighted at feeling his cream on her vulva, she began to pant.

She drew away, pulling her nipple from his lips. He darted his head after that succulent nugget, like a woodpecker tapping at a falling tree.

Irma knelt and began to rub the head of his dick against her nipples and around her mounds. She fitted his stalk between her tits and gilded up and down on it, so that the big rod fucked up her breastbone. As the tip came squeezing from the top of her cleavage, she lowered her face and tongued the slimy knob. She savored his spunk on her tastebuds, rolling the quick silvery drops on her tongue like a wine taster sampling a rare vintage.

Passion lighted her eyes, and her lips, glistening with cum, turned into a smile of ecstasy. She stood up again.

John, his voice quavering, said, "You could do that some more if you wanted to…"

Irma grinned and said, "Maybe I'll let you come in my mouth someday, you adorable child… hut once you make a decision, you should stick to it… and you wanted something else…"

"I didn't know what it was," he said, still uncertain about ass fucking but overwhelmed by the joy of having her hot tongue lave his dick.

Irma paid no mind to his statement. She had not, in fact, been buggered in over a month and she was looking forward to it. She liked to keep all her holes active, and. John's fine young pecker was just the right size and shape to suit her asshole.

A steady flow of fluid was slowly pulsing from his cleft now, coating the head and flowing down the shaft. Irma figured she had better get his dick inside her before his cum was wasted. She turned and leaned against the bookshelves, supporting her head on her forearm. Reaching behind her back, she drew his prick in to her crotch and slid it up her pussy.

John was electrified with the sensation of being in a cunt. It felt so good that it scared him – how would he ever again be satisfied with his own hand, after knowing the joys of a pussy?

He began to fuck her cunt with fast, hard strokes, burying his cock to the hilt.

But then she wriggled away. "No, now," she chided, "none of that. That was just to get your sweet pecker lubricated…"

She shifted his cockhead to her taut brown anal bud.

John pushed, tentatively.

The crown of his cock slipped into her asshole with a minimum of resistance and her snug hole clamped shut behind the head, holding him inside her. She murmured happily. Arching her back, she hiked her big, firm buttocks upwards and spread her feet wide on the floor. She had both elbows on the shelf now, letting the bookcase take her weight. She began to fling her hips and ass about with wild abandon.

Cunt juice flew from her unattended pussy in a spray, soaking John's thighs.

The lad pushed his hips forward and ran the full length of his cock up her asshole. Her bowels clutched at him, seemed to be rippling up the length of his cock as if trying desperately to milk his load. He drew back and slammed the joint to her again, slipping easily in to the hilt. His dick had been well-oiled in her pussy, and her asshole had lost none of its elasticity during its celebrate period. Her hips darted about in a mad dance and John humped frantically away, driving straight in, fast and hard. He clutched her by the hips, steadying her, and poured the pork steadily into her ass. Then his hands glided up and he clutched her by both huge tits, great handsful of boob that he mauled and clawed as he screwed wildly up her asshole.

John's lust, pent up too long, had no stamina. He pounded the pole in furiously. His balls slapped down onto her twat and his belly slammed against her upraised ass, and within seconds he was pulsating at the height of sensation.

Groaning like a beast in torment, he blew his overloaded balls in an eruption that shook him to the toes. His teeth jarred, his eyes rolled, his neck snapped backwards as the burning lava gushed from his knob and filled her asshole to the brim. Too great a load to be contained, cum came trickling back out and down his shaft and seeped into her neglected cunt.

He hammered four separate spurts into her asshole with violent, savage force.

Then he staggered away and his dick, momentarily spent, pulled out of her clutching asshole, stood straight out from his belly for a moment as if frozen, and began to droop.

Irma, smiling, turned around. She had not come, but it didn't trouble her. A girl that took as much dick in as many ways as the lusty librarian did could not be expected to come every time, she knew. She had a very healthy attitude in such matters, having never been an exponent of Women's Liberation. She was satisfied, and she beamed upon John.

She said, "Well, that takes care of buggery. Tomorrow we can try the next variation." She smiled in expectation because she had memorized that alphabetical list and knew that cunnilingus followed buggery. Although she didn't ever come with a cock, she never failed to come on a tongue.

Not that she would have to wait that long to get her jollies, of course. She did cock catalogue research every single night.

As it turned out, Irma did not have to wait until that evening for her thrill.

No sooner had John – with his schoolbooks at his side now, and a dazed smile on his face – left the library than who should come in but Coach Miller, all clean and pink from the shower.

He leaned on the desk.

Irma smiled up at him, wondering if his dick was in proportion to the rest of his big, broad body. Such, she knew, was not always the case, and often big men had tiny dicks and vice versa.

"I'd like a book on nutrition," he said. "I'm sure I can find what you want."

"This… errr… this is rather a delicate matter," the coach said, looking at her tits which, although splendid, could not be termed delicate.

"Delicate? Indeed!" Irma said, staring at his crotch. She didn't much care for delicate cocks. She liked robusts, roughshod rods. His pants bulged promisingly.

"In fact, not to put too fine a point on it, I want to know the caloric and nutrient value of… errr, juice."

Irma batted her eyes and Coach Miller blushed. But he continued, dogged and determined: "And cum, too. It's a reciprocal arrangement, you see."

Irma knew all about such things. Not at all taken aback by the weird request, she thought for a moment.

She said, "The latest research into the subject finds that there are approximately seventeen calories to the average gentleman's orgasm. But that will vary, of course, from man to man. And according to the time period between coming. That is, the longer you wait, the more spunk you blow and, it follows, the more calories in the load. As far as vitamins and minerals, I'd have to look that up, I'm afraid I've always concerned myself more with volume and texture and heat than with

content. But cunt juice… I'm not sure any research at all had been done in that field. Surprising, to say the least, in this day and age when everyone is concerned about keeping fit and losing weight while, at the same time, all and sundry suck pussy."

Miller was gaping at the librarian. Her worry had gone right to his balls, and his dick was uncoiling like a spring in his pants. This did not go unnoticed.

Irma said, "What I would suggest is that we gather together a few grams of each and take them to the laboratory for analysis. We might even combine on writing a paper on our findings."

Coach Miller had always secretly aspired to scholastic recognition. He said, "What a good idea."

"If you'll supply the cum, I'll be more than pleased to provide the cunt juice," Irma said. She smiled meaningfully. "Of course, you will have to fetch it from the supplier."

Millet grinned crookedly. "I'm good at that," he said.

Irma was thrilled, but she knew that she mustn't let her new research interfere with her cock catalogue.

"The first step, I think, is to measure your dick," she told him. "Their we can use that as a yardstick to measure the cubic capacity of my cunt."

She whipped out her tape measure. Coach Miller, undaunted, whipped out his dick.

Irma, in her lifetime, had looked fondly upon six thousand cocks, giving or take a few that had shown up before she started to catalogue them. She estimated that about forty-two thousand inches of pecker had been in and out of her body, more than half a mile of track laid in her various holes. Irma thought she had seen it all.

Irma took one look at Red Miller's bludgeon and fainted dead away.

CHAPTER SIX

Although John Tremont had rejected the idea of a cold shower as a hard-on exorcist, he felt the need of a warm shower, with plenty of soap, at the moment. Fucking the librarian's asshole had been most pleasant indeed, but it had left his pecker in a terrible state. John hated to walk around with a soiled pecker because you never knew when you might strike it lucky and have occasion to show it to a randy young coed. That had never happened to him yet, but you could never tell… you could hope? John leaned against the wall, gasping like a fish as he thought about his recent encounter of the anal kind. Then, summoning his strength, he headed for the gym.

Such was the vitality of John's pubescence and the power of his memory of recent events that, before he had turned the corner, his dick was hard again.

"We better sneak out of here now," Skip said.

Sarah seemed in no hurry to leave the boys' shower room, "Better wait until Coach Miller leaves the gym," she said.

"Well… okay."

Now that he had got his rocks off, Skip was no longer flirting with the unique thrill of dangerous living. But now that she'd got her rocks off once, naughty little Sarah wanted to get them off all over again. She snuggled up to Skip. He was ignoring her, nervously watching the entrance, but his prick began a series of ominous lurches and jerks.

"Oh, dear… you can't walk out of here like that!" Sarah said, concerned. "It would be bad for my reputation if anyone saw us together and you had a bone on…"

"It'd be worse if I didn't," he said. "Everyone knows how horny I am. If my dick is soft they'll figure that you must of softened it."

"That's a point," she said.

And his prick was coming to a point too. Despite his reluctance, it stood out parallel with the floor, beads of water bouncing off the shaft and knob. Sarah regarded it affectionately. She was remembering how pleasant it looked when Miss Bridewell was giving head to the coach and tantalizing her fleeting taste of Skip's dick had been. She had never sucked a prick before, although the urge had often arisen, because she figured it would be bad for her reputation. There was an excuse for screwing – you simply got too hot to resist it, you needed it. But cocksucking was different, and all the cocksuckers she knew had simply terrible reputations. But now she had already had Skip's dick in her mouth and she figured what the hell, she might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

She said, "While we here, we might as well wash."

Skip stared at her, thinking that was an absolute ridiculous idea. Sarah got a bar of soap from the tray and began to soap his cock and balls.

Skip got the point, then.

Her slippery hands rubbed and lathered, and his pecker came right up like a ramrod. She dropped to her knees, and his knob was throbbing in front of her face as she washed him with great concentration and deft thoroughness. Then, not wanting to get soap in her mouth – she giggled at the idea of foaming at the mouth while sucking a cock, knowing it would look as if she were rabid for dick – she leaned back and let the spray from the shower rinse the soapsuds from his succulent rod.

"Now…" she said, preparing to give him a first class gobble.

Then, John Tremont walked in. John had left his clothes in the locker room, and so he came in cock first.

His pecker cleaved the steam in front of him like the prow of an icebreaker cutting through frozen seas. He didn't notice Skip and Sarah as they cowered in the corner. His thoughts were on other things. He stood under the nearest spray and began to pull his dick up and down with fast, efficient strokes, more concerned with getting his wad out than enjoying it.

Sarah giggled at the sight.

Skip cautioned her.

John had heard the giggle, however.

Horrified, he turned to see who had discovered him in his pulling performance. He saw two figures but he couldn't make out who they were through the slut sat spray.

Hiding his dick behind his hunt, he advanced. "Oh, boy!" Skip groaned. "He'll see you!"

"He'll think I'm a boy," Sarah said.

"Not when he gets a look at my hard-on, he won't."

"Well, hide it."

"Hide it? Where?"

Sarah thought about that for approximately one fifth of a second. She was still kneeling in front of him, and there was only one logical place where his dick could be secreted.

She slid his cock into her mouth.

Skip hissed with the sensation, just as if his loins were a boiler and his dick a release valve.

Sarah pushed her face right down so that his knob was nestled in her throat and her face was fiat against his belly. She figured that John might not recognize her that way. Skip's cock was completely hidden, and she hoped for the best. She began to suck adoringly on the meaty mouthful, figuring she might as well kill two birds with one

stone.

"Who's that?" John said.

"Hi. It's me," Skip said, trying to look natural.

"Oh, hi, Skip. Gee, I'm glad it's you wouldn't want anyone with a big mouth to catch me jacking off in the showers. And… errr speaking about big mouths… who is that…"

Skip looked sheepish. "You noticed her, huh?" he said.

"What's a girl doing in here?"

"Sucking my dick."

"That's what I thought," said John, no longer ashamed at having been seen whacking his pole. He bent down and looked between Sarah's legs.

"Yeah, it's a girl, all right," he said.

"Of course it's a girl! What'd you think?"

"Well, it is the boys' locket room."

"Jeez! You know me better'n that."

"Yeah. What girl is it?"

"I'm not gonna tell you that. Jeez, it wouldn't be good for her reputation if anyone found out she was blowing me in the boys' locker room."

"That's true. They'd think she was a pig."

"Yeah, people always jump to conclusions."

"Well… I'll leave you alone, then…" John started to move politely away, planing to finish his handjob on the other side of the enhancing it with a few furtive glances at the blowjob in progress.

But Sarah was remembering how nice his hard-on hid looked in History class. The wanton girl began to wriggle her ass about, pushing her crotch invitingly upwards and arching her slender back.

This behavior did not go unnoticed.

John said, "I think she wants to get fucked."

"Yeah, but she don't dare move her face away from my belly on account of then you might recognize her," Skip said.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want to recognize her…"

Sarah's loins were doing a wild dance of desire. Her sleek, wet body shimmered and shook.

"Say, if you want, I could lend you a hand," John suggested. He looked at Skip. "A cock, I mean. I was gonna beat it off anyhow, so it'll just go to waste. If she wants it…"

Skip looked down at Sarah to gauge her reaction.

Sarah was smiling around a mouthful of pecker, and nodded her head eagerly.

Skip shrugged. "Well, okay," he said. "But don't get the idea that she's a pig or nothin'… my girlfriend, now…"

Sarah was so thrilled at being claimed as his girlfriend that she

began to suck in a veritable frenzy, feeling possessive about his prick now.

"Oh, don't worry. I won't blab about it… Why, I don't even know who she is."

"Good thing, too," Skip rasped.

John, scarcely believing his good fortune, knelt down on the tiled floor behind Sarah's bouncing, grinding bottom. His dick, already half wanked, throbbed mightily between them. He wrapped his hand around the root and guided the knob into the girl's crotch. It snuggled sweetly against her slot.

John pushed gently. His cockhead slipped up her hole, and her cuntlips snatched greedily at it. He slowly ran the full length of his prick into her cunt.

Her pussy was much tighter than the librarian's cunt, although no tighter than that remarkable woman's asshole. The warm walls clutched around his rod, pulling at him and urging him to start banging it to her. Her ass heaved up and her hips jerked from side to side. Her pelvis was demanding fucking!

John braced his knees on the wet, slippery floor and began to feed his dick to her wet, slippery cunt. He grasped her hipbones with his hands held her steady as he poured the pork to her with long, fluid, rippling thrusts.

Sarah began to moan joyfully. The sound vibrated along the length of Skip's cock, causing him to hum like a tuning fork and twang like a guitar string. His pecker expanded in her mouth, pulsating and throbbing. With John behind her, Sarah no longer had to play the ostrich and bury her head against his belly. She began to dip her head up and down, feeding herself on his big joint with a hearty appetite. She had always expected that sucking cock would be a wonderful thrill in itself, but now she was in a positive euphoria, for not only was she getting the opportunity to give head, she was also getting fucked at the same time.

It gave her a new insight into the dimensions of love.

She was glad that Skip was her boyfriend, for he did not seem the jealous sort at all. And now that she had discovered the joys of having both ends stuffed, at the same time, Sarah hoped they would do a lot of double dating in the future.

Her head bobbed up and down, her lips pulled and her tongue sped back and forth across in carnal plunder as Skip's cock fucked deep into her throat. His cockhead was wondrously hard and hot, and it was swelling to even greater dimensions with every passing moment, every luxurious slurp of her eager mouth.

And John's pecker, up her hole, was every bit as hard and hot and welcome.

John was thrilled at his first-ever proper fuck, but not so excited that he neglected the nicety of variation. He wanted to experiment with different approached and strokes, which suited Sarah admirably. He slid the meat to her with long, underslung plunges, then corkscrewed in, then angled up and drove in across her bobbing ass with relentless force.

He was leaning forward. He could see her face as she took Skip's pecker in and out of her pursed lips, sucking hungrily as it withdrew and then slurping with moist delight as it slammed back into her voracious maw.

John recognized Sarah. He felt a bit guilty about that and determined not to tell anyone about what a pig she was. He would have to remember that, he thought, for it was rude to kiss and tell.

Then he wasn't thinking about who she was at all, as his mind ignited with the sensation that gripped his loins.

Gritting his teeth, he shoveled the cock into her savagely. He was fucking into her with such force that her pert little ass was being lifted on his strokes. He was turning her pelvis with his pecker as if he were turning sod with a spade.

Her pussy seemed to lire melted. Cunt juice was seeping out around his dick as he stuffed it in, gaping heavy, pearly ribbons of womanly mats flat trickled down her lean thighs.

"Uhg!" she gasped as she took Skip's prick too far back and gagged on it, then: "Ummmm," as her loving lips withdrew and, "Ahhhh," as she fed another delicious mouthful in.

Skip's cock began to bubble.

She tingled with joy as she felt the hot juice boil over onto her tongue and seep into her cheeks. She had known she would like sucking a dick, but she hadn't known how good cum would taste. Now, with a hint of that savory delicacy scalding her tastebuds, the oversexed coed was desperate for the full lout. Her head flew up and down as fast as she could move it. She sucked as if she wanted to suck his guts out through his cock.

Skip whimpered softly. Then he whimpered louder. He reached down and twisted his hands in her copper colored hair and held her head steady as he began to fuck into her mouth with urgent strokes.

Sarah gurgled with easy, sensing his readiness. Suddenly her mouth was filled with cum. Squealing with delight, the girl swallowed the hot thick cream ravenously, sucking for more even as her throat filled with the flood.

She milked him bone-dry and still sucked for more, her appetite gone out of control in the height of her passion.

And then, as if his spunk had poured down her throat and run right through her body, her cunt began to gush with a deluge of

slippery cream, cascading out over John's cock, soaking his belly and balls.

John banged the cock in to the very hilt, burying his smoking rod in her melting loins and, howling with bliss, he poured his cream up her hole.

It had been John's first fuck.

And Skip's first blow job.

And Sarah's first double-header…

And already, all three of the lusty young kids were looking forward to the next link-up.

Sarah uncoupled from the two boys reluctantly. She pulled her mouth slowly away from Skip's spent and softening pecker, giving him a few final slurps and laps as she did so, and carefully squirmed her hips around until she disengaged from John's stout cock.

She sat on the wet floor, her legs spread, letting her crotch cool. Cum and cunt juice trickled from her slot, and spunk sparkled on her lips and chin.

She eyed both spent cocks just to make sure there was no starch left in either of them. Although she was satisfied, she was also insatiable.

But the two dicks both hung sheepishly now. John and Skip looked a bit embarrassed, but that didn't worry her. She knew full well that embarrassment was easily submerged in the sea of lust.

"I still don't understand what you were doing in the boys' shower room," John said.

"Sucking and fucking," said Sarah.

"Oh," said John.

That explains it!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Skip Cartwright had never been very conscientious about doing his homework, but that evening he was very dutiful about it. He had decided to help prove his grades, at least in Miss Bridewell's English class, and he intended to ask her if she would give him a bit of extra tutoring. He knew she would be more agreeable to this if he were to do a thorough job on his special assignment. And he knew it wouldn't be hard to do either, for all he had to do was think about Miss Bridewell and Sarah – the two most exciting events of his sexual life that had happened in the very same day – and wallop! Up would come his dick.

Skip waited until his mother and father were watching television, then sneaked into the kitchen and found an empty peanut butter jar that seemed suitable. He took the jar up to his bedroom and took his pecker out. The neck of the jar was too wide to fuck, he noticed regretfully. It probably would have been better to screw a full jar of peanut butter, churning the old dork right down into the creamy substance, but for the moment the empty jar would do as a homework container. He placed it on his desk and stood over it, the head of his dick aimed at the neck of the jar. He wasn't hard yet, but a few deft flicks of the wrist soon put that matter to rights.

With his cock hard and ready, he paused to consider what he would think about while he wanked.

He had already screwed Sarah in both cunt and mouth and so, for human nature is fickle, he decided to imagine what it would be like to fuck Miss Bridewell.

He didn't think that was an idle fancy, either. From the way she had behaved with Coach Miller, it was evident that she was keen on sex to such an extent that, had she been a coed instead of a teacher, she would have been known as a pig. He began to push-pull the pork. He battered away on the wand, his face contorting into a grimace, eyes slitting and lips curling until he looked like a demented Chinaman.

He wondered if Miss Bridewell wanted his fluid assignment for dark and mysterious purposes of her own… like, say, to drink it from the jar, or to use it as a condiment for a barbecue. That thought made him more excited than ever. He began to pant and shake. His thighs banged against the edge of the desk, causing the empty jar to rattle. Abandoned to his homework, he drove his fist up and down firmly. The jar was rocking and chattering just as if it were a cunt, eager for his spillage.

He was making a lot of noise.

Skip's mother and father were watching Charlie's Angels on television, and his father had a big hard-on, as he always did when he watched those nubile angels cavort. His mother didn't like the program but she put up with it because she knew that she would get a good old fucking out of it later. Her husband might be imagining that she was one of the Angels, but what the hell. She didn't give a damn what he was thinking about as long as he put the old dork to her.

She always imagined that he was Burt Lancaster, herself.

Then a dog food ad came on and, not being a canine freak, his dick subsided somewhat. That was when they heard the rattling and crashing from Skip's room.

"What on Earth can he be up to?" his mother wondered.

Skip's father had been a football, player. He said, "Must be doing calisthenics. From the rhythm of it, I'd think he was jerkin' off, but that can't be during football season. It saps the vitality, you know."

His wife nodded. She knew. She had first met her husband-to-be during the season and – despite her advances, he had refrained from all sexual contact until after the season was over. The night after the final game of the year, he finally put the dick to her. She had been looking forward to it for ages but – unfortunately – so had he. His cum had been in storage under such pressure for so long that he blew the whole load out on the very first stroke and passed out from the effort, leaving her unsatisfied and afloat in a sea of spunk. He had also knocked her up. He married her, dutifully, and his sexual performance had not improved much since that first frantic explosion that released his seasonal spunk from bondage. Except after watching Charlie's Angels.

Now the dog food ad finished. Cock hardening again, he watched the next segment of the show, his eyes bulging out as asses and tits romped through unlikely circumstances.

Then a deodorant ad came on.

The crashing and thumping upstairs had subsided for a few minutes. Skip had blown a slimy wad in the jar and was pulling his pudding gently to get it hard again. He inspected the jarred spunk and had erotic thoughts about what Miss Bridewell would use it for. He wondered if she might reheat it on the stove and pour it up her cunt with a funnel. That was a joyous thought. His dick snapped to attention and, directing the muzzle at the jar, he started to whack away with all the intensity of an axeman.

Downstairs, his father turned a baleful eye towards the ceiling. A shard of plaster drifted loose, and white flakes came down like snow. He got up, adjusting his pecker to a comfortable angle, and said, "I think I'd better see what Skip is up to up there."

"That's a good idea," his wife said, not caring, knowing she would

get nothing before the program was finished.

Skip's father went up the carpeted stairs and down the hall. He looked into Skip's room.

A few minutes later, he came down again. The program had stared again, and he watched the sexy girls cavort. Then a douche ad came on.

"Caught the lad fuckin' the peanut butter," he said.

"Is that a fact?"

"Aye-yuh."

"Well, better than fucking women."

"There's that."

The douche ad finished. The Angels performed. Skip's father observed with interest. Another ad came on.

"Funny thing," he said. "The jar was empty."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah. Seems sort, of perverted, fuckin' an empty jar. Hope the lad don't have tendencies."

The Angels came on. It was the conclusion, and the bad men were foiled. It ended.

"During football season, too," said Skip's father as he got up from his chair and hauled his pecker out.

"Well, times change, dear… maybe recent thought is that vitality isn't sapped that way."

"Could be," he said as he mounted his wife where she sat, slipping the meat up her slippery cunt. He managed three and half strokes before he came.

"Some things don't change," she sighed. "Said it was his homework," said Skip's father. "What's that, dear?" she asked, wiping at spunk from her crotch with a lace doily.

"Said he had to jack off for English class."

"Times do surely change."

"Aye-yuh."

He was wondering if he had ought to have a word with Skip's English teacher. She seemed a progressive sort. He wondered if she might care to watch Charlie's Angels with him.

"Must be a funny school," he said.

"Haven't you any homework, John?" asked John Tremont's mother.

"I'm not gonna do it for a while," he said. "Why is that, dear?"

"I don't want my grades to be too good. I'm afraid I might skip a grade, and it's such a good school and I wouldn't want to do that."

"Must be a fine school," she agreed.

Without any homework to do, John was restless and bored and impatient for the morrow to dawn. He wondered what new thrills

awaited him, now that his virginity had been lost.

Sarah Wimpole knocked on the door.

"Hi, John," she said. "Skip can't come out tonight. He was too much homework to do for Miss Bridewell. So I thought maybe you could come out and play, on account of we're sort of friendly now."

John got his coat. They walked to the school. Halfway there she slipped her hand into his.

"I thought you were Skip's girl," he said.

"I am. But like I said, he can't come out. So I thought you would want to watch out for me when he isn't around… keep the other guys away from me, you know?"

John saw that was in Skip's best interest.

Behind the school they found a dog shitless patch of ground and sat down.

"Was that your first-ever fuck today?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," he admitted. "I had my first ass fuck today, too."

"Oh, my! Didn't it hurt?"

"No, no! I was the fucker. The school librarian was the fuckee. It was okay."

She thought for a while. She said, "What about a blow job?"

John tensed and his pecker soared like a rocket.

She giggled. "No, I meant, have you ever had a blow job?"

"Naw," he said.

"That was the first time I ever did it, when I sucked Skip off in the shower," she said. "It was fun."

"It looked like fun," he agreed.

"That's right… you were there, weren't you?"

"Looking over your shoulder," he said. "Miss Bridewell blows Coach Miller. Did you know that?"

"It doesn't surprise me."

"Well, how about it?" she asked.

"How about what?"

"Don't be so dumb."

"But you're Skip's girl."

"Sure. But my mouth is watering for cock, and if I can't blow you, I'll have to find some other guy and be unfaithful to Skip… you have an obligation to Skip, don't you?"

"Well, if you put it that way…"

Sarah opened his pants and hauled his cock out.

It looked very tasty. She licked the knob for a while, just to get the taste for it, then began to suck with relish. John lay back in the grass, in the shadow of the old brick school house, and fell very good about things. It wasn't every day you got a chance to serve your friend by keeping his girl from being unfaithful. John liked to consider

himself a good friend.

He came abundantly.

Sarah coughed and spluttered but swallowed every drop.

John walked her home afterwards, to make sure no other guys got fresh with her.

"I'll see you tomorrow, at school," she said. John was looking forward to school.

The school became rather famous after that.

The first national acclaim came when Sarah Wimpole's parents pressed an equal rights lawsuit, claiming Sarah was being deprived of her rights because she could not attend the boys' gym class. A senile Federal Judge presided over the case. Women's libbers marched with banners in support of the girl. The case was no more ridiculous than any of the civil rights suits that have recently sprung up, nor the judge more senile than many.

On the witness stand, Sarah, looking sweet and demure and flat-chested, got a bit confused by the proceedings.

"I maintain that I am being deprived of dick," she said.

She won the case despite the slip-up.

Coach Miller would have resigned before he would administer a coed locker room but, as it turned out, he had already resigned. So had the librarian. Their co-authored book, "Live Longer and Look Younger… A Layman's Guide to Oral Sex", had been an instant success. It brought greater fame to the school where the research had been done, even more than Sarah's successful law suit had. It made Miller and Irma wealthy. Book clubs, fought for the rights to the impressive work. It became a standard dietary textbook as well as a cookbook found on every kitchen shelf. Joggers were delighted to find they could forsake the agony of running for the joy of eating cunt without harmful results. Vitamin sales dropped off drastically as pussy replaced pills. Coach Miller and Irma the librarian were guests on the John Carson show. Irma showed her Cock Catalogue and explained how it worked. Miller showed his cock. Several foundations gave grants so that the valuable work could continue.

And everything worked out for the best, except one thing: the football team never won a game.